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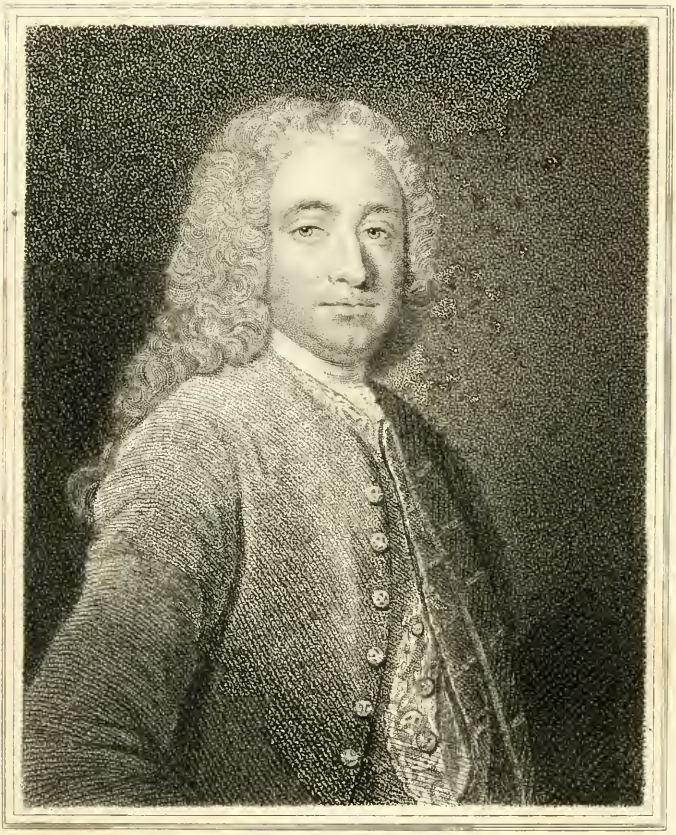

THOMAS WINNINGTON ESQ^R.

ob. 1746.

From the original at Holland House.

THE WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR CHAS. HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B.

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURTS OF RUSSIA, SAXONY, &c.

FROM THE ORIGINALS

IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRANDSON

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ESSEX

AND OTHERS:

WITH NOTES BY

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

IN THREE VOLUMES, WITH PORTRAITS.

VOL. III.

4445

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ON BENEVOLENCE:

AN

EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

KIND to my frailties still, Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.
Not oft I sing; the happier for the town,
So stunn'd already they're quite stupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.
Happy for them, I seldom court the Nine;
Another art, a serious art, is mine.
Of nauseous verses offer'd once a week,
You cannot say I did it, if you're sick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to shine by flashy fits
Amongst the Daily Advertiser wits.
Content if some few friends indulge my name,
So slightly am I stung with Love of Fame,

I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praise of all the magazines.

Yet once a moon, perhaps, I steal a night;
And, if our Sire Apollo pleases, write.
You smile; but all the train the Muse that follow,
Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo.
Unhappy still our Poets will rehearse
To Goths, that stare astonish'd at their verse;
To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays:
So gross, so bestial, is the lust of praise!

I to sound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to those who most my subject feel.
Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust
With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust.
With you I venture, in plain home-spun sense,
What I imagine of Benevolence.

Of all the monsters of the human kind,
What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.

You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The steady miser can his years employ;
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Despis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honest warmth of heart, with some degree
Of Pity that such wretched things should be.
You scorn the sordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himself the wiser of the two.—
'Tis all but taste, howe'er we sift the case;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boast an angel's share,
Yet has what happiness his organs bear.
Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphic soul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl.
Heav'n form'd him too, and doubtless for some use;
But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's [views.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.
Better be born, with Taste, to little rent,
Than the dull monarch of a continent.

Without this bounty which the gods bestow,
Can Fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
As well might Fortune in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an oyster sovereign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy, to be charm'd,
In vain majestic Wren expands the dome;
Blank as pale stucco Rubens lines the room;
Lost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain;
Great Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;
Tempè's soft charms, the raging watry waste,
Each greatly-wild, each sweet romantic scene
Unheeded rises, and almost unseen.

Yet these are joys, with some of better clay,
To soothe the toils of life's embarrass'd way.
These the fine frame with charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all taste the noblest and the best,
The first enjoyment of the generous breast,

Is to behold in man's obnoxious state
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.
Fair views of nature, shining works of art,
Amuse the fancy: but those touch the heart.
Chiefly for this proud epic song delights,
For this some riot on th' Arabian Nights.
Each case is ours: and for the human mind
'Tis monstrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy, who could taste
Elysium? or be solitarily blest?
Shock'd with surrounding shapes of human
woe,
All that or sense or fancy could bestow,
You would reject with sick and coy disdain,
And pant to see one cheerful face again.

But if Life's better prospects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould;
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleasing view!
This is a joy possess'd by few indeed!
Dame Fortune has so many fools to feed,

She cannot oft afford, with all her store,
To yield her smiles where Nature smil'd before.
To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to surprise a friend;
To cheer the modest Stranger's lonely state;
Or snatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, possess'd with virtue's noblest fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;
Deeds that, above Ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a solid fame: [seize;
These are such joys as Heaven's first favourites
These please you now, and will for ever please.

Too seldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, th' occasion must conspire.
Yet few there are so impotent and low,
But can some small good offices bestow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add still something to the gen'ral sum:
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits; and heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind essay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;
Who, scornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads ev'n to pour his gratitude of heart;
And with a distant lover's silent pain
Must the best movements of his soul restrain.
But men sagacious to explore mankind
Trace ev'n the coyest passions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad, Distress demands it still.
This, with the generous, lays distinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that resentment never ought to rise;
For even excess of virtue ranks with vice:
And there are villanies no bench can awe,
That sport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend,
Could I forgot Eumenes was my friend.

In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjust nor mean
To seize the proper time for honest spleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even insult the base in humbled state;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.
No matter: could I please the polish'd few
Who taste the serious or the gay like you,
The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
Of every grace—but curse me if I care.
Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it said
That I with you the paths of honour tread,
Than that amongst the proud poetic train
No modern boasted a more classic vein,
Or that in numbers I let loose my song,
Smooth as the Thames, and as the Severn strong.

THE

WIFE AND THE NURSE:

A NEW BALLAD.

I.

VICE once with Virtue did engage,
  To win Jove's conqu'ring son;
So, for th' Alcides of our age,
  As strange a fray begun.

II.

His wife and ancient nurse between,
  Arose this wond'rous strife:
The froward Hag, his heart to win,
  Contended with his wife.

III.

His wife, an island-nymph most fair,
  Bore plenty in her hand;
A crown adorns her regal hair,
  Her graces love command.

IV.

With modest dignity she stood ;
  Fast down her lovely face
A stream of swelling sorrow flow'd,
  A righteous cause to grace.

V.

The tatter'd nurse, of aspect grum,
  Look'd prouder still than poor,
With lofty airs inspir'd by—mum—
  The queen of beggars, sure:

VI.

Mud was her dwelling, lean her plight,
  Her life on heaths she led ;
With wreaths of turnip-tops bedight;
  Her eyes were dull as lead.

VII.

Yet thus the Caitiff, proud and poor,
  Our hero-judge address'd—
" Thy fondness all to me assure,
  " To me, who loves thee best.

VIII.

" I am thy aged nurse, so kind,
" Who ne'er did cross thy will;
" Thy wife to all thy charms is blind,
" Perverse and thwarting still.

IX.

" Give me her clothes," (continued she),
" With thy assistance soon
" Her costly robe may shine on me,
" On her my rags be thrown.

X.

" Seize on her store of boasted gold,
" Which she with jealous fear
" From thee still grudging would with-hold,
" And trust it to my care."

XI.

This caught the judge's partial ear.
The lady of the isle
Spake next: " Thyself at least revere,
" And spurn this Caitiff vile.

XII.

" With thine my int'rest is the same,
" For thee my sailors toil;
" They for thy safety, pow'r, and fame,
" Enrich my spacious isle.

XIII.

" Think too upon thy solemn vow,
" When thou didst plight thy love,
" Thou cam'st to save me; wilt thou now
" Thy self my ruin prove?

XIV.

" How was I courted, how ador'd!
" More happy as thy bride;
" For thee, my safeguard, love and lord,
" I slighted all beside.

XV.

" Do thou still act a guardian's part,
" Nor be thy love estrang'd;
" Treat me but kindly, and my heart
" Shall e'er remain unchang'd.

XVI.

" By thee abandon'd, must I bend
" Beneath thy nurse's scorn?
" No; live with me thyself, and send
" To her thy youngest born.

XVII.

" Let not her mud-built walls thy stay
" Before my tow'rs invite;
" Do not, beyond my verdure gay,
" In her brown heaths delight.

XVIII.

" Do not her dingy streams prefer
" To all my rivers clear;
" Good Heavens! looks poverty in her
" Than wealth in me more fair?"

XIX.

The judge here lets his fury out,
Unable to contain;
He frowns, he rolls his eyes about;
And to his wife began:

XX.

" If she be poor, I'll make her rich;
" Thy treasure she shall hold:
" Thou art a low, mechanic b——ch,
" Besides a cursed scold.

XXI.

" My nurse is of imperial race,
" By trade was never stain'd:
" What thou dost boast of is disgrace:
" Nurse, thou thy cause hast gain'd."

XXII.

Polite and candid, thus the judge:
His creatures watch his call,
To raise (alas!) this dirty drudge
On his fair Consort's fall.

XXIII.

Who first obeys th' unjust decree,
Regardless of his fame,
To spoil and rob with cruel glee
That lovely island-dame?

XXIV.

Hard by, a ready wight, behold
  Aspiring, rash, and wild ;
Of parts too keen to be controll'd
  By wisdom's dictates mild.

XXV.

Still from the midnight-goblet hot,
  He fires his turgid brain,
With jarring schemes, from wine begot,
  To ravage land and main.

XXVI.

With these wild embryos, shapeless all,
  Without head, tail, or limb,
He lures his master to his call,
  While both in fancy swim.

XXVII.

He now receives th' absurd command
  This beauteous Queen to spoil:
Ah ! deed unseemly for his hand,
  A native of her isle.

XXVIII.

He runs and strips her gracious brows
Of her Imperial Crown
To dress the Hag, who quickly throws
Her turnip-garland down.

XXIX.

Yet smiling greets the Queen, and swears
He only means her good,
That exigencies of affairs
May want her heart's best blood.

XXX.

Thus spoil'd, she sinks with sorrow faint
Before th' insulting Hag,
And, lest she publish her complaint,
Is menac'd with a gag.

XXXI.

There lying, of her clothes she 's stript,
Her money too, we're told,
Into the judge's hand was slipt,
Ah! shameful thirst of gold!

XXXII.

Against Apollo Midas old
  Gave judgment; did he worse
Than one who to his wife, for gold,
  Could thus prefer his nurse?

XXXIII.

Ah! yet recall her cruel fate,
  Mistaken judge, thy friend
Here warns thee; dangers soon or late
  On Avarice attend.

XXXIV.

In thy wife's ruin yet behold
  Thou dost thyself destroy;
Then cease to barter love, for gold
  Which thou canst ne'er enjoy.

PLAIN THOUGHTS

IN

PLAIN LANGUAGE:

A NEW BALLAD.

1743.

I.

ATTEND, ye brave Britons
  Of every degree,
All you who deserve,
  And resolve to be free;
Plain Thoughts will suffice,
  And Plain Language will do,
When all we assert
  Is known to be true.

Derry down, &c.

II.

To save our old laws,
  A new monarch we took;
And well for those laws
  An old tyrant forsook:
And should our old England
  Again be at stake,
A curse on the slaves
  Who the new won't forsake.
Derry down, &c.

III.

This monarch, unskilled
  In the nation's affairs,
A lover of wealth,
  And a foe to all cares,
Resign'd to his statesmen
  His kingdom itself,
And wink'd at their plunder
  To share in the pelf.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

He purchas'd abroad,
  While his ministers jobb'd;
And Hanover flourish'd,
  While Britain was robb'd:
And when he chang'd hands
  For a fresh set of men,
Where those took a shilling,
  These villains took ten.
Derry down, &c.

V.

This monarch deceas'd,
  His son did succeed;
A Prince more august,
  Never came of his breed;
For tho' at his birth,
  Lying wags had a fling,
He soon prov'd himself
  The true son of a king.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

Like measures he follow'd,
  Like servants he had;
And all things grew worse,
  That before were too bad:
For Walpole still rul'd
  With corruption and gold,
The monarch he bought,
  And the nation he sold.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

With armies at home,
  And with foreign troops paid;
With laws that cramp'd freedom,
  As taxes cramp'd trade:
With maxims quite new,
  He pursu'd his base ends,
And help'd our old foes
  To oppress our old Friends.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

At length when Corruption
  Drain'd treasuries dry,
And none would be bought—
  For none offer'd to buy,
The courtiers quit leaders
  They follow'd for pay,
And leaders turn courtiers,
  Worse rascals than they.
Derry down, &c.

IX.

My tale, Oh ye Britons!
  This moral does bring,
However descended,
  A king is a king;
Whenever they 're taken,
  Most statesmen are knaves;
And patriots at court
  Are the lowest of slaves.
Derry down, &c.

PLACE-BOOK

FOR THE YEAR 1745:

A NEW BALLAD.

I.

SINCE with the new year a new, change hath
begun,
In spite of the father, in spite of the son;
Since those who were new, to more new must
give way,
We all must confess that each dog has his day.
Derry down, &c.

II.

But hold, let our verse in just order begin,
To tell how at court all those heroes came in,
Those heroes who mean, like the old ones, to
fool us,
How receiv'd by the Captain and hopeful Iulus.
Derry down, &c.

III.

Sir Clement stood ready, his gloves in his hand,
When Bedford appear'd at the head of the band,
A sailor who ne'er lov'd salt water before;
Should you ask us why now?—look behind and see Gower.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

See Gower, who the court had oppos'd thick and thin,
Was out, then was in, then was out, and now in;
He kiss'd hands—then look'd pensive—as much as to say,
"I can't judge which is best, to go or to stay."

Derry down, &c.

V.

Next in lollop'd Sandwich,* with negligent grace,
For the sake of a lounge, not for love of a place,
Quoth he, "Noble captain, your fleets now shall nick it,
"For I'll sit at your board, when at leisure from Cricket."

Derry down, &c.

VI.

The circle divides—who could fill such a space
But Broadbottom Cotton's † broad rump, and broad face?
The King turn'd—let a f—t, which he strove for to smother,
—'Twas only Bum Royal saluting his brother.

Derry down, &c.

---

* The Earl of Sandwich. † Sir John Hinde Cotton.

VII.

Cries Jackey, "Great Sir, since I 'm nam'd Chambermaid.
"I henceforth will bely what I 've hitherto said,
"Of Hogsheads to James I have drank not a few,
"But now paid, I will drink full as many to you."

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

Quoth Philips* "No Roman the Welch could subdue,
"But behold, Sir, I yield to your money—not you;
"Henceforth let Sir William† assert, if he can,
"That his honest true Britons are true to a man."

Derry down, &c.

---

* Sir John Philips. † Sir William Young.

IX.

Next Pitt who has lately commenc'd to be loyal,
Stood shiv'ring like Pelham, expecting kick royal;
He star'd, and he gap'd, and a speech would have made,
But only could say,——" I'm not us'd to the trade."

Derry down, &c.

X.

Gods! how we're perplex'd by promotions and claims!
I'd sing of new measures, I'm sick of new names,
To write of fresh Placemen each year was a folly,
I'm tir'd of the text———leave the subject to Colley.

Derry down, &c.

THE

LESSONS FOR THE DAY.

1742.

THE FIRST LESSON.

Here beginneth the First Chapter of the Book of Preferment.

I.

NOW it came to pass in the 15th year of the reign of George the king, in the 2nd month, on the 10th day of the month at Even, that a deep sleep came upon me, the visions of the night possessed my spirit, I dreamed, and behold Robert the minister came in unto the king, and besought him saying:

II.

O king, live for ever! let thy throne be established from generation to generation! but behold now the power which thou gavest

unto thy servant is at an end, the Chippenham* Election is lost, and the enemies of thy servant triumph over him.

III.

Wherefore now I pray thee, if I have found favour in thy sight, suffer thy servant to depart in peace, that my soul may bless thee.

IV.

And when he had spoken these words, he resigned unto the king his place of first Lord of the Treasury, his Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and all his other preferments.

V.

And great fear came upon Robert, and his heart smote him, and he fled from the assembly of the people, and went up into the Sanctuary, and was safe.

---

* The first symptom of the dissolution of Sir R. Walpole's Administration was, the losing his friends in ballotting for a Committee to try the merits of the Chippenham Election.

VI.

And the enemies of Robert communed among themselves, saying, "What shall we do unto this man?" And they appointed a committee to inquire concerning him.

VII.

Howbeit the man from whom they sought information was possessed with a dumb spirit, and he opened not his mouth, neither spake he unto them good or bad.

VIII.

Then the committee were in great wrath, and they reported this matter unto the house; but their report was even as a f—t, which stinketh in the nostrils for a moment, and is forgotten.

IX.

And I saw in my sleep, and behold all they who sought for places, rushed into the palace in great numbers; insomuch that the courts of the king's house were full.

X.

And they all cried out with one voice saying, "Give us places!" and the sound of their voice reached to the uttermost parts of the land.

XI.

And when the people understood that these patriots only sought themselves places, they murmured greatly, and they said amongst themselves, "Verily, verily, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

XII.

Why therefore have we striven in vain? and why have we disquieted ourselves in vain? For behold all men have corrupted their ways before the Lord, there are none that doeth good, no not one.

XIII.

Corruption, as a moth, hath eaten up their principles, poverty and shame are their portion,

and they and their sons shall be dependent for ever.

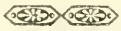
XIV.

Nevertheless the cry of the patriots continued with great violence, and it wounded the ears of the king, insomuch that he was compelled to stop their mouths by giving them places.

XV.

As the cry of the hounds ceaseth when the entrails of the beast are divided amongst them, so ceased the clamours of patriots at the distribution of places.

Thus endeth the first Lesson.



THE SECOND LESSON.

Here beginneth the Second Chapter of the Book of Preferment.

I.

NOW these are the generations of those that sought preferment.

II.

Twenty years they sought preferment, and found it not; yea, twenty years they wandered in the wilderness:

III.

Twenty years they sought them places, but they found no resting-place for the soal of the foot.

IV.

And lo! it came to pass in the days of George the king, that they said amongst them-

selves, "Go to, let us get ourselves places, that it may be well with us, our wives, and our little ones."

V.

And these are the names of the men that have gotten themselves places in this their day.

VI.

Now the first that pushed himself forward in this affair was the Motion-maker,* who being swoln with pride and ambition, and thirsting in his heart after the Mammon of unrighteousness, he determined with himself that he would ask for the chancellorship of the Exchequer: but his party wist not what he designed.

VII.

Wherefore he went in privily unto the king's palace, and he got himself placed at the head of the Exchequer, where he sitteth unto this day.

---

* Samuel Sandys.

VIII.

Who now shall bring in the Place-bill? Who now shall make a motion for removal? Verily, verily, it is much to be feared, that he who expecteth these things from Sandys will be greatly disappointed.

IX.

And Carteret the scribe took the place of Secretary of State, and Harrington * presideth at the Council-board, and Wilmington the President is made First Lord of the Treasury.

X.

In these days Lord Hervey † held the King's Signet, and to him succeeded Lord Gower.

XI.

And the King had a guard, called Gentlemen Pensioners, and over them he set Lord Bathurst.

---

* The first Lord Harrington.

† Lord Hervey was Lord Privy Seal.

XII.

Lord Limerick got the Reversion after Lord Palmerston for himself and for his Son after him; and he shall be called the King's remembrancer from generation to generation.

XIII.

Lord Edgcombe was and is not; he was the King's Treasurer in the land of Ireland, but he found no favour in their eyes, and to him succeeded Harry Vane.

XIV.

Henry Leg was scribe to the Treasury, but the name of Leg was unseemly, so he is called Henry Furnese unto this day.

XV.

Moreover it came to pass, that for his great skill in Maritime affairs, Lord Winchelsea was set at the head of the Admiralty.

XVI.

To Lord Cobham was given the first troop of tall men, called Horse-Grenadiers, and he was likewise made a Field-Marshal.

XVII.

So also was Lord Stair; moreover he was sent Ambassador unto the Dutch, and our credit encreaseth amongst them.

XVIII.

To Lord Sidney Beauclerk succeeded William Finch, as Vice-Chamberlain to the King: his brother Edward also was made Groom of the Bedchamber.

XIX.

And that his Majesty might not want good and able Counsellors learned in the Law, lo! Murray the Orator, and Nathaniel Gundry were appointed King's Counsel.

XX.

But what shall be done unto Pultney? What shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour? For lo! the word is gone out of his mouth, he hath said in his wrath that he will have no place.

XXI.

Behold an expedient! he shall no longer be called William Pultney, but the Earl of Bath. And what is it to William Pultney what the Earl of Bath shall do? What is the privilege of Peerage, but to do what they please uncensured?

XXII.

These are the men after their generations, and many more shall come in unto the land to possess it.

XXIII.

Of the Tribe of Jacob twelve thousand, of

the Tribe of Andrew twelve thousand, of the Tribe of Patrick twelve thousand.

XXIV.

And all these things came to pass, that the saying of the Prophet Jonathan might be fulfilled, " those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out as those that are in :" but the Lord of Bath is over all, and blessed be the name of the Lord of Bath.

Here endeth the Second Lesson.

OLD ENGLAND's

TE DEUM.

WE complain of Thee, O King, we acknowledge Thee to be an Hanoverian.

All Hungary doth worship Thee, the Captain Everlasting.

To Thee all Placemen cry aloud, the House of Lords, and all the Courtiers therein.

To Thee Carteret and Bath continually do cry,

Warlike, warlike, warlike Captain General, of the Armies! Brunswick and Lunenburgh are full of the brightness of our coin.

The venal company of Peers praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of Ministers praise Thee.

The noble Army of Hanoverians praise Thee.

The Holy Bench of Bishops throughout the land doth acknowledge Thee.

Thine honourable, true and steady Son.

Also my Lady Yarmouth the comforter.

Thou art a glorious Prince, O King!

Thou art the ever charming Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon Thee to deliver this nation, thou didst not abhor thy Father's example.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of want, thou didst open the smiles of thy favour to all believers in a Court.

Thou sittest at the right hand of ——— in the Treasury of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our scourge.

We therefore pray Thee provide for thy servants, whom thou hast fed with thy renown.

Make them to be numbered with thy slaves in livery everlasting.

O King, spare thy people of England.

And now squeeze thy people of Hanover.

Govern them as Thou hast done us.

And confine them to their turnips for ever.

Day by day we sing ballads unto Thee.

And we bawl against Hanover, ever world without end.

Vouchsafe O King, to keep us this year without thy Hanoverians.

The Lord have Mercy upon us; the Lord have Mercy upon us.

O King let thy Mercy lighten our taxes, as our Credit should be in Thee.

O King in Thee have I trusted, let me not be confounded.

Valour be to the Father, common sense to the Son, and a young bed-fellow to the Countess of Yarmouth; as was not in the beginning, is not now, nor is ever like to be, world without end.

THE

MERRY CAMPAIGN;

OR THE

WESTMINSTER AND GREEN-PARK SCUFFLE:

A NEW COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of "Chevy Chace."

GOD prosper long our noble Peers,
And eke our Commons all;
A woful scuffle late there was,
Near Litigation-hall.

To drub a Peer, with mickle might,
Bold Crowle he took his way;
His Lordship's* bones might rue that night,
The drubbing of that day.

---

* Lord Hervey.

With Cane uprear'd, in ireful hand,
  Brave Crowle th' attack begun,
Which from his Lordship's batter'd sconce
  Soon made the blood to run.

The Peer enrag'd, return'd the same,
  Full fraught with fury dire,
His breast glow'd with indignant shame,
  To be drubb'd by a 'squire.

Then thwick thwack fell the blows like hail,
  On head, back, sides, and all;
Good Lord! how echo'd then the rooms!
  Near Litigation-hall.

Sir Blue-string* startled at the noise,
  Cry'd out with might and main,
A plot upon the ministry,
  We all shall here be slain.

---

* Sir Robert Walpole.

Then out Will. Addle* ran, to know
  Whence came the dreadful sound;
And saw the champions stout engag'd,
  With many a bleeding wound.

" Hold your dead-doing hands," cry'd he,
  Ye bold and hardy wights:
Know ye not these walls sacred are
  To peace, and peaceful knights.

Should but Sir Blue-string chance to know
  You caus'd here these alarms,
You would be ta'en in custody,
  Of serjeant 'clep'd at arms.

Then company running between,
  Did farther harm prevent;
God knows there how much precious blood
  Had otherwise been spent.

---

* Wm. Pultney.

But still his Lordship glowd with ire,
  And bloody vengeance vow'd,
On him who had him thus abus'd,
  To cane him 'fore a crowd.

Wherefore for pen and ink he call'd,
  And these words strait did write,
Which by a brother Peer he sent,
  His second in this fight.

" Meet me," said he, " thou recreant knave,
  " I mean thy blood to spill,
" Because we will not parted be,
  " On Constitution-hill.

" A second likewise with thee bring,
  " As I have one provided,
" That all our quarrels there at once
  " May fairly be decided."

The Peer straitway to th' Mitre goes,
  And for the lawyer sent,
Who to him instantly repairs,
  Suspecting the event.

Crowle having soon perus'd the scroll,
  Was not the least dismay'd;
But, with a bold undaunted air,
  Thus to the Peer he said:

" Go, tell my Lord, this challenge I
  " With as much joy receive,
" As would a condemn'd criminal,
  " At Tyburn, a reprieve.

" I'll meet him there without delay,
  " Arm'd with my trusty steel,
" We soon shall see if he's a man
  " Whose arm my blood can spill."

Then having ta'en a second bold,
  Unto the Park he flies,
Where long he had not been before
  The two Peers he espies.

"Welcome, proud Peer," quoth he, "our wrongs
  "Shall now revenged be,
"Or by my fall or thine"—this said,
  He drew full manfully.

The Peer that instant did the same,
  And many thrusts were made,
On both sides, but no deadly wounds
  Were given, as is said.

Then Crowle, indignant at delays,
  Straitway ran in and clos'd,
And much blood had been shed, had not
  Their seconds interpos'd.

" Oh! what a Peer might have been lost!
" And what a lawyer too!
" But, thanks to Fate! they parted were,
" Nor did much harm ensue.

" God prosper long this peaceful land,
" And peace and plenty send,
" And grant that all domestic broils
" May have as harmless end."

LABOUR IN VAIN.

A SONG, AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

To the Tune of "Molly Mogg."

I.

YE patriots, who twenty long years
Have struggled our rights to maintain;
View the end of your labours and fears,
And see them all ended in vain.

II.

Behold! in the front stands your Hero,
Behind him his patriot train;
Hear him rail at a tyrant and Nero;
Yet his railing all ended in vain.

III.

Then see him attack a Convention,
And calling for vengeance on Spain;
What pity such noble contention
And spirit should end all in vain!

IV.

That the Place-bill he got for the nation,
Was only a shadow, is plain ;
For now 'tis a clear demonstration,
The substance is ended in vain.

V.

His bloody and horrible vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers such pain,
No longer alarums them now,
For his threats are all ended in vain.

VI.

What though the Committee have found,
That Or——d's a traitor in grain;
Yet wiser than they may compound,
And justice be ended in vain.

VII.

How certain would be our undoing,
Should the people their wishes obtain?
Then to save us from danger of ruin,
He has ended our wishes in vain.

VIII.

Then let us give thanks and be glad,
That he knew how our passions to rein,
And wisely prevented the bad,
By ending the good all in vain.

IX.

About Brutus let Rome disagree,
We won't from our praises refrain;
Our Brutus has more cause than he
To declare even virtue in vain.

X.

Three thousand five hundred a year,
He valu'd it not of a grain;
His scorn of such filth is most clear,
Since that too he ended in vain.

XI.

Corruption he hates like a toad,
And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd T——s, his virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in vain.

XII.

He rejects all employments and places,
And thinks ev'ry pension a stain;
Yet T- —s, with their damn'd sly faces,
Say, that all is not ended in vain.

XIII.

In spite of his caution and care,
To avoid the appearance of gain,
Say those Tories, his wife has a share,
And all is not ended in vain.

THE EXPIRING SWAN,

ON LOSING HER MATE.

Written in 1741.

Tune "The Dying Swan."

WHEN Phœbus coursing to the West,
His warmer beams withdrew;
Inviting kindly all to rest,
And bid the plains adieu;

As then in silence all things lay,
Bright Luna's charms display'd,
The Goddess deck'd in silver ray,
Supply'd the day decay'd.

On Thames' delightful crystal stream,
A dying Swan complain'd;
While sad departing love's her theme,
Her mournful throat thus strain'd:

" Why have the fates so cruel been ?
" Philander's loss I mourn ;
" Was ever I with others seen,
" Why am I thus alone.

" No ; rather, I believe, my dear
" By man's unlucky game ;
" A victim fell, or he'd been here,
" Who never slack'd his flame.

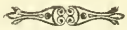
" If so, my Swan, I'll follow thee,
" My love shall egg me on ;
" When in Elysium happy we,
" We'll glide the Halcyon.

" But first farewell, my sisters dear,
" And all the feather'd train ;
" Of Love's kind passion have a care,
" Lest you like me complain.

" And fare thee well once happy glade !
" Alas, to part I weep;
" Thy rush and ozier oft our shade,
" Where murmurs lull'd our sleep.

" But, now those balmy joys are fled,
" Ye purling streams adieu!
" Since then the gay Philander's dead,
" Sylvia's no more with you."

Thus sung the lily-drooping fair,
Then from the stream retired;
Her grave she made where rushes are,
And, sighing, there expired.



A LETTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE

OLD WOMAN'S MAGAZINE;

AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN THAT WORK.

WHETHER the petition delivered into the House to prevent the drinking of Gin, is intended really and *bonâ fide* to answer that salutary purpose, and not merely to * * * * *. If it be, I am for it with all my heart, for I'm afraid excessive drinking, excessive gaming, and excessive playing the fool, will be the destruction of this nation.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

SIR C. H. WILLIAMS,

FROM 1747 TO 1756.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX.

Dresden, 27 *Sept. N. S.* 1747.

DEAR SIR;

Being the other night at an assembly where I go to get information and pick up intelligence, I met a privy-councillor there, whom I accosted, by asking him if he had any news?—he said none but what was very bad. In these critical times you may be sure such an answer alarmed me, and excited my curiosity; and upon my showing a desire to know what this news might be, he told me that the prince of Meinungen still continued obstinate, and that all his country was still left open to the ravages of the troops of Saxe Gotha. I had never heard in all my life that there was such a prince in being as the prince of Meinungen, and was totally ignorant that at this instant there was any war carried on in the heart of the empire; but to act

the minister a little, and not to seem quite uninformed, I told him that hitherto, I had had but a very imperfect account of that affair, and should be much obliged to him if he would inform me of its whole rise and progress, which he did in a very long discourse, the substance of which I thought might divert you; and, therefore, when I came home, I wrote down every particular that my memory retained, and now send it to you in the most faithful manner. You have often thought some of my strange stories exaggerated, which, however, upon inquiry have proved strictly true. The following one may possibly surprise you; but I assure you it is actually matter of fact.

The authors of Romance always endeavour to make their stories approach as near as possible to truth. May not the author of a true event take the same liberty (still adhering closely to facts) and write in such a manner as to resemble Romance as much as style will permit! I will try, and I wish it may be with the

same success as I have sometimes had, when I have endeavoured to amuse the man on earth that I love and esteem the most.

His serene highness, the reigning prince of Meinungen, is certainly in sense and extent of dominion, one of the least princes in the empire of Germany; but in folly and poverty you will hardly find one that exceeds him. His first step in life, in order to raise his power and character in Germany, was marrying a waiting-woman (of no family) of her serene highness the princess dowager of Meinungen, his lady mother. This stroke put the empire in a flame: the mis-alliance was reckoned infamous; and his cousin, the late king of Poland, wrote to the emperor, Charles the Sixth, to complain of this notorious contamination of blood, and to beg him to declare the children of such a marriage incapable of succeeding to the principality of Meinungen. But, as the court of Vienna had in those days ministers in it that were no enemy to a round sum of money properly applied, the

prince of Meinungen found means, by the force of gold, to baffle all the king of Poland's designs, and to have his children publicly declared capable of succeeding him. This step of the emperor's highly affronted the king of Poland, who, in his wrath, wrote a letter to his imperial majesty, which, after he had complained bitterly of the declaration that had been made, he ended with this remarkable paragraph—"I must confess, that it is in your imperial majesty's power to create princes, but God alone can give me cousins." But, notwithstanding all this, the declaration remained valid during the life of Charles the Sixth; but, upon the election of Charles the Seventh, the present king of Poland solicited the affair with such success, that the declaration of Charles the Sixth was set aside, and the children of his serene highness of Meinungen declared incapable of succeeding to their father; and thus the affair remains even unto this day. But, as this match of the prince's was only the effect of a hasty

lust, so he soon grew tired of her serene highness the chamber-maid, whom he had too rashly placed upon the throne of Meinungen; and, being some time ago at Frankfort, his majesty became enamoured with the wife of a secretary of a secretary of the empress-queen's residing in that town. He pursued, and obtained the enjoyment of his passion in a very short time, for the fair one, dazzled by the highdegree of her lover, and her husband fired with the ambition of gaining the favour and confidence of so great a prince, soon agreed that she should yield herself up to his arms, upon such conditions as were stipulated at Frankfort, but not made public till some time after they all arrived at Meinungen. Upon the arrival of the prince in his capital, love began to display his triumph over his serene highness. The lady and her husband found beauty and ambition gratified to the extent of their wishes. She was declared favourite and he first minister. Her highness, the chamber-maid, was no more to be seen: she was left

to the last refuge of tears and patience, and died soon after for actual want of the necessaries of life. The old councillors of Meinungen were thunderstruck, but durst not speak. While the rest of the courtiers applauded what their prince had done, and made all the haste possible to ingratiate themselves with the two new rising suns. No day passed without some fresh instance of his serene highness's love to the wife, and confidence in the husband; and, at last, his fondness for his mistress grew to such a pitch, that he ordered one of his chamberlains to notify to the whole court of Meinungen, that he had given the rank of precedence to his new mistress above and before all and every one of his subjects.

This ill-considered step of his serene highness alarmed the whole body of courtiers. They had quietly submitted to many partialities that had been shown to the two strangers, but this wounded their honour. Nothing was to be heard but murmurs through the whole corps of

nobility of Meinungen, and those murmurs soon swelled into open railings, in which (it is said) the sacred person of the prince himself was not spared. But above, far above the rest, the baroness Kheichlin, wife to the grand veneur of Meinungen, sister to the countess Holsendorf, whose husband is chief of the Consistory, and commonly called Pope of Saxony, and who has six-and-thirty quarters in her coat of arms, gave the loudest vent to her passion. She had long been in possession of the *pàs* over all the court of Meinungen, and could not bear to see a foreigner walk before her To revenge herself, therefore, for this affront, she made use of her natural weapon, the tongue, in such a manner, as highly offended the favourite, and, of course, the dread sovereign of Meinungen. But talking was not sufficient for the vent of her anger, and she resolved in the insolence of her heart *scribere principi*, to remonstrate against the loss of her dignity, suffered by the new-made regulation, and pleaded with great force

of reason, her husband's great family and high employments, her own illustrious birth, her alliances, the house of Holsendorf, her coat of arms, and many other of those excellent arguments, which have more force in Germany than anywhere else. To them she was rash enough to add some unpardonable reflections upon the birth, parentage, and low degree of the persons on whom his serene highness had been ill-advised enough to bestow this new, but odious mark of his favour. This letter (however judiciously wrote) was far from producing the desired effect; for his highness of Meinungen like a wise prince, resolved to go through with what he had once begun, and not to suffer his decrees to be contradicted by his subjects; nor his ordinances to be trampled upon by an insolent woman. Wherefore upon oath being made before him of the injurious language that the baroness had held against himself and his new regulations, he ordered her to be summoned to a formal trial, the issue of which trial was,

that the unhappy lady was condemned to have her head severed from her body upon a public scaffold.

This dreadful sentence was no sooner published, than the whole principality of Meinungen as with one voice clamoured against it. His serene highness was struck with this, and with and by the advice and consent of his new favourite and minister (either from a sense of the injustice of the sentence, or from his own compassionate nature or, what is more probable, from a fear of the consequences) resolved to alter the sentence, and instead of beheading the Baroness Kheichlin as had been decreed, it was changed and executed in the following manner :

A scaffold being erected in the great square (if there is one) of the capital of Meinungen, the unfortunate lady was conducted thither in a mourning coach from the prison where she had for some time been confined. When she arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she was so weak that she could not get up the steps of it;

upon which two of the guards attending, placed her by force upon the coach-box, where the executioner mounted after her, and having seated himself by her produced the original letter which she had wrote to his serene highness, her sovereign; and which he with an audible voice, declared to all the people to be an infamous, scandalous, and seditious libel, tending to the defamation of the characters of two great and innocent persons, and to the alienating the minds of the good subjects of Meinungen, from their lawful and rightful sovereign; and afterwards presenting the lady with a lighted match, he ordered her to set fire to the said libel which the mortified baroness accordingly did. The executioner after this proceeded to the completion of the sentence by obliging her to kneel down and pray for the prosperity of the injured prince, giving her two slaps on the face, and then conducting her back to prison

It is said positively that the favourite and

the minister were placed in a window at some distance from the scaffold to feast their eyes with the ill-natured pleasure of seeing the ceremony.

But the House of Holsendorf roused by this affront so publicly offered to their blood, and moved with compassion for a suffering sister, resolved not to let her languish in prison under an unjust sentence, and presented a memorial to the Imperial Chamber of Wetzlaer setting forth the cruelties and oppression of the tyrant of Meinungen, and the unjust sufferings of the baroness of Kheichlin, and prayed for redress of such grievances from that august tribunal. To this the prince soon put in an answer; the House of Holsendorf replied, and his serene highness rejoined, and the controversy soon wasted much paper to the great joy of all German readers, and to the great emolument of the whole Diet of Ratisbon. At length in due time the sentence of the Imperial Chambers was published, by which the prince of Meinungen

was ordered to set the baroness Kheichlin at liberty, and to make her ample amends for the insults done to her honour, and the outrages committed upon her person. It was in vain, that this imperial decree was notified in due form to his highness of Meinungen; he persisted in justifying all that he had done, set the judgment of the chamber of Wetzlaer at nought, and was so far from complying with what was enjoined him, that he not only refused to let the lady out of prison, but to make her captivity more intolerable, he sent her husband thither to keep her company.

All these disobedient steps being soon known at Wetzlaer; the Imperial Chamber declared the sovereign of Meinungen contumacious and resolved to make him feel the weight of insulted justice. They, therefore, sent their orders to the duke of Saxe Gotha to carry their decree into execution, to enter immediately with his armies into the states of Meinungen, to release the prisoners, and take them under his protec-

tion; and to continue his troops at discretion in that headstrong prince's country, till such time as his serene highness of Saxe Gotha should be thoroughly satisfied, and amply repaid the whole expenses and trouble of his expedition. The duke of Gotha had long borne great enmity to the prince of Meinungen for several affronts and injuries that he had received from him, and he had long wished for an opportunity to be revenged. This added to the great respect and deference that all German princes now have for imperial decrees, made him not hesitate a moment to show himself a dutiful son of the Germanic body, and to give the ordinances of the Imperial Chamber of Wetzlaer their proper weight. Therefore, after having summoned his council and declared to them his intentions of putting the imperial decree into execution, he gave orders to his generals to march his army the very next day towards Meinungen. Accordingly with the first dawn, the army moved, consisting of five hun-

dred foot and one hundred horse with two half-pound field pieces.

I leave you to guess at the terrors that invaded the breast of the prince of Meinungen. He soon proved that tyrants can make no foundation upon oppressed subjects, and reflected, but too late, that a prince's best security is the affection of his people. However he lost no time but gathering together about three hundred militia, he resolved to repel force by force, and meet the invader of his country in the field; but upon the approach of the troops of Gotha the infinite superiority of their numbers struck such terror into the Meinungenian army, that the whole fled with the utmost precipitation each to his respective home, except the tyrant; who finding himself thus abandoned thought Meinungen, no longer a place of safety for him, and retired with great confusion to Frankfort, preceded by no postillion at all. During this time, the army of Gotha pursued its march, and as it met with no enemy was

everywhere victorious. The injured parties soon enjoyed the benefit of these conquests; the baron and baroness of Kheichlin were released out of prison and taken under the immediate protection of his highness of Gotha, while the House of Holsendorf were highly elated with the good success of their endeavours. In the mean while the houses were lighted up, bonfires were made, and all the bells rung at Gotha, and at last that duke sent in his bill to the prince of Meinungen for the trouble and charges that he had been at in destroying, burning, ravaging, and plundering his country.

The prince of Meinungen was so much out of humour when this demand was made upon him, that he used very hard words to the person that brought it to him, and absolutely refused to pay one farthing, and has since lodged an appeal at the Diet of Ratisbon against the unjust sentence (as he terms it) of the chamber of Wetzlaer; but notwithstanding this, the troops of Gotha still continue to live at discretion in

the territories of Meinungen, to the entire ruin of those estates, the small profit of the duke their master, and to the great satisfaction of the baron and baroness of Kheichlin, and the House of Holsendorf. I have now finished my relation of this important piece of History, and you may depend upon my being very watchful about the progress of it at Ratisbon. I have established a correspondence there for that purpose only, and as I shall be thoroughly informed of every step that is taken there, I shall not fail to communicate them to you, as fast as they come to my knowledge, not doubting but you will expect them with the utmost impatience. I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem and affection, your most obliged and faithful humble Servant,

C. Hanbury Williams.

TO THE REV. MR. BIRT.

Dresden, 5th July, 1748.

DEAR SIR;

I received your letter by the last post, and you may depend upon my never neglecting any opportunity where I have power to serve you. I have wrote, according to your desire, to the bishop, and have inclosed my letter to him in this. You may also depend upon my recommending you to Mr. Fox, whenever he has power to serve you. That good day we must, I am afraid, both wait for; but, if he lives, it must come. I have no reason to doubt his willingness to serve me and my friends; for he has just done for me what I had most at heart, which was, getting a ship for my brother Tom. I do faithfully assure you, that there is nobody has my esteem and friendship stronger than yourself; and no man is more concerned than I am at your missing Lanwenarth. I al-

ways thought that you might succeed there, and I should have been very happy in such a neighbour, whenever the measure of my labour is full and I sit down at Coldbrook.

My brother having, without the least reason, thought fit to give up my election at Leominster, where, if they would but have staid three days, I am certain all opposition would have been dropt, hinders my being able to serve you in the manner I proposed to do. When I went out of England, which, from the instant of Mr. Winnington's death, I was determined to do; and my being thus carelessly left out of parliament will make my stay longer than I intended. When I return there will be few men in England that I shall be gladder to meet than yourself. You see there are some things in this that you ought to keep to yourself, and I do not doubt but that you will do so.

I beg my service to your wife and the worthy family of the Probyns. Tell Kit Bond that I hope we shall know one another more, when

we are old, than we did in our youth, and that I am enlarging my park to tempt my good friends in the forest to wade through the Monmouth dirt. I am going to make a short tour into Sarmachia, which I assure you is not yet civilized: all they yet pretend to is, to be *primi barbarorum;* but the Russians dispute that title with them, and I think have the better of them.

Dick, who, I think, does not hanker after the gallows so much as he did, has desired leave to write a paragraph at the bottom of this letter. He begins to be of a little use to me.

As I have no person to pay ready money, so you must take this my promissory note of friendship, which I promise you I will redeem whenever I am able.

Being truly and affectionately your's

CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

SIR;

If Monmouth gallows will do nobody any more harm than it will me, it is the most inno-

cent gallows in England, though, I must own, I was a little afraid, when I heard that my friend Will Rogers was so near it: I beg your pardon for beginning with a —— for I hope I shall grow more serious every day, and be of some little service to my master. I keep the accounts of the house, and sometimes write letters for him. I copied one that went to the king's own hands, so that king George has read my hand-writing, which, I believe, is more than any other Abergavenny man can say.

We are going, in a short time, above five hundred miles farther from England, and I hope all this travelling will make me more fit for your conversation when I return; and, was I to go to the end of the world, I never should forget you who was always my good friend, though you used to teaze me sometimes. I am, Sir, Your most obedient and humble Servant,

RICHARD EVANS.

Punch presents his duty, and talks French very well.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX.

Dresden, 22nd Sept. N. S. 1748.

My Dear Fox;

I have yours of the 10th instant N. S. for which I thank you, and am glad Mr. Harris has undertaken to send me the telescopes, perhaps he may accompany them with a letter, for I have had no answer as yet to my last letter; though there was wit enough in it for Harris to retail out to the Dilettante Club during his whole life, and not be thought dull company—you may assure him, he won't see my beautiful hand-writing again for some time.

I am glad the miracles and dark ages of the Polish History have not disgusted you. The very letter I send to day, puts an end to them by the beginning of the reign of Casimir the Great, about whom you will perceive I take pains. I work three hours every morning in

the king's library, which is a very agreeable place and well furnished, and the librarian is just what he should be, very dull with a good memory; is thoroughly well acquainted with the title pages of all the books without having looked farther into any one of them. I desire that when I have finished Casimir the Great, you would give me your opinion, always remembering that I write the abridgment of several histories, and not a history.

When I come to the constitution of Poland, there I pretend to be exact, and a fault is inexcusable. The two works go on together, and you will receive the history of the Constitution before you expect it. Rigby, you say, has promised you to write to me, and is very angry that I do not deal in Satire any longer, tell him not to be in a hurry, for I have some of his new allies in my eye, that I would abuse if I did not think them so low, that my verses would rather raise their character.

The two minor ministers that are members

for Old Sarum,* call loudly for something to be said to them, though they are not dangerous enough for mankind to be put upon their guard against them. The utmost that the ablest of the two can arrive at is picking a pocket; and I will not put my rhymes upon the same foot with John Trot's voice, who stands in the play-house passage, and cries "Gentlemen take care of your pockets—Ladies take care of your watches;" but if you have a mind to give any of these gentlemen a scratch, I'll be ready at a week's warning. I am really concerned at Mr. Pelham's illness, his last letter to me has made me his steady, and unalterable friend and servant; if he orders it, I believe I could furnish a pretty good Pamphlet upon the Peace (in case it is made) for in conscience I think we have almost as much the better of France in our

* Arthur Viscount Doneraile, Lord of the Bed-chamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, and Charles Earl of Middlesex, Master of the Horse, to the same Prince.

negotiations at Aix, as the French had of us at Utrecht. I will never fail executing any commission you send me; but when it is for yourself, I go to the Fabrique and buy the china at the lowest price, and then get it set by the best and cheapest hand: for other people, I buy of the shopkeepers who will have their profit. Pray tell Ellis, that I can send him just such a box as he describes, with a flower-pot full of flowers in the insides admirably well painted and well set; but it will cost fifteen guineas, because it is quilted china and large; if he likes it at that price, I 'll send it to Hanover directed to you. You seem to have quite forgot the small quantity of Hungary wine that I have for you; try if you cannot get somebody at Hanover, to send it over with the king's baggage, and I will immediately send to Hanover. I am sure the duke's stay cannot be long in England, because he is to be at the Hague by the 25th instant N. S. I have not to this day ever heard one word from the duke of Newcastle, and it is

now too late for me to be sent to Warsaw; if I go to Turin, I suppose I shall be sent for to Hanover to be instructed; though if I was to go to a more difficult court, I had rather feel out my way, than take it from most people's descriptions. I will draw upon you for what you owe me, when I know what the telescopes cost, and whether the duchess of Richmond keeps either of the watches.

I have nothing more to add, but that I am to yourself, Lady Caroline, &c.

A most devoted Servant,

C. Hanbury Williams.

TO THE SAME.

Dresden, 29th Sept. N. S. 1748.

Dear Fox;

You receive by this post some more Polish History, which though I abridge it as much as possible will swell to a larger work than I at first imagined. Do not imagine from hence that I grow tired, I am much more afraid of your being so, but as you receive it by small parcels once a week, I flatter myself that you 'll bear it better than if I had sent it all at once. The reign of Casimir the Great, begins to bring you out of the dark ages, and I hope to mend upon your hands every week. My daughters write me word that they have (by my order) been to wait upon Lady Caroline, and I hope to hear a good account of them from you. Thank God! Charlotte is better; As the Diet of Poland meets to morrow, it is impossible to send me there now, for the Diet will soon dis-

solve itself, and the king of Poland will be at Dresden in six or seven weeks. The duke of Newcastle has not written me one word since he has been at Hanover; the duchess has never been out of her house, or received one visit from any body since she has been at Hanover.

The season here begins to be very cold, it freezes every night, and I hope, I shall not be obliged to undergo much more of the severe season. Sure what I ask is not a great deal (for I have not yet asked for the character of Plenipotentiary, nor will I till I know my fate about Turin), it amounts to a change of climate. They have given Mr. Keith a great deal more; but, if I am not removed, or at least have not leave to quit this place, my health requires that I should ask for my letters of revocation.

I shall this day write to Mr. Stone, to beg him to send me word, what he guesses will become of me: these thoughts put me into

low spirits, and end your letter sooner than it would end otherwise.

Yours entirely,

C. Hanbury Williams.

My best services attend Lady Caroline, &c. let the inclosed letter be put in the penny post.

TO THE REV. MR. BIRT.

*Dresden, June 22nd, N. S.** 1749.

DEAR SIR;

Since you complain of my absence from Coldbrook, I am naturally to judge that you wish for my presence there; and as I shall always be glad to contribute to your obtaining whatever you desire, know that I shall be in Monmouthshire in the beginning of August; and that my present resolution is, to call at Newland, to seize upon your person, and force you away from your wife, family, friends, and churches, to detain you prisoner (with the Florilegious Harris for your keeper) at Coldbrook, during the whole time of my residence there.

That enlivening spirit, that once made Coldbrook gay, shall again make my friends laugh, for my whole view in coming there is, to unbend

* The New Style was not adopted in England till 1752.

to the utmost, to forget that there are such things as mails and post-days, and every thing that belongs to a minister and a court, from a secretary of state, down to a courier; I won't so much as permit a newspaper to enter my doors; and if Harris pretends to talk politics, I will have him gagged; I will dedicate my house to the Goddess of Idleness, and DIVÆ VACUNÆ shall appear in capitals over the Portico. Our discourse shall chiefly turn upon what the venerable Ancients wrote, or our insignificant modern acquaintance do; you shall bring back all Horace into my head, who has suffered very much by the attacks that have been made upon him in my studies for these two last years by Puffendorff, Rousset, Grotius, and some others, who are the most dull of all dull mortals, that I ever conversed with; but being obliged to be in company with them, I turned them as much as I possibly could to my own information and erudition; but I hope you won't imagine from hence that I have lost my

taste for better books I have often in my lifetime dined with a mayor and alderman, nay, I have eaten with a bishop at a visitation feast; but yet both these excellent companies did not prevent, at my return to London, my thinking Mr. Winnington and Lord Chesterfield very agreeable companions. I hope, therefore, that you will believe that my fancy is still charmed with an *Ulla si juris,* and my spirit exalted with a *Qualem ministrum.*

Now for our modern conversations, I will entertain you with the witty sayings of German princes, and the hardy deeds of Polish palatins; you shall divert me with what Tom Windham says, and Lord Gage does; how the one won't give a dinner to any body though he has it to give, and the other makes a feast upon an empty table, how the one has made himself very unhappy by thinking wrong, while the other sits at perfect ease, by never thinking at all; Tom Windham removed from the sight of mortals, like a Persian monarch, sits enshrined

in his long gallery* and looks down upon mankind; Gage is common, hacknied to the eyes of men, he is lavish of his person, and like the Patriarch Abraham sits all day long at his gate, to receive strangers that pass by, you know that he cannot eat at all, unless his table is full, and if his table is full, there is hardly enough for him to eat; sure two such different mortals were never placed so near one another. Such a couple of extremes prove plainly that *virtus est medium vitiorum,* and afford much mirth and good moral to their neighbours.

Duplex dos est quod risum movet
Et quod prudenti vitæ consilium monet.

What you have heard about my going to Berlin is very true. The king was pleased of his own accord to nominate me to that court, and to give me a very large addition of salary

* At Dunraven Castle, Mr. Wyndham's seat.

upon the account (as he was pleased to say) of my diligent and able services ; I think you will be glad to hear that I am very high in his majesty's favour. I am going to a very difficult court, but as it is the last legation that I will undertake, unless I am made ambassador, so I intend to exert my utmost endeavours to answer those ideas which the king has conceived of me. If ever I should go to Holland, or any other court in the quality of an ambassador, you would if you liked it, most certainly be my chaplain, which would not be the least agreeable part to me of my embassy. Mr. Legge the late English minister at Berlin, had a chaplain allowed him by the government with a salary of one hundred pounds a year, if that could be obtained for you should you like it?

I beg my hearty service to every body at Newland, whose name is Probyn, and tell my friend Will, that there is a very good stock of old bucks in the park at Coldbrook, which I hope will tempt him to come and see a person that

loves and esteems him. I should be glad, if you could prevail upon Kit Bond to be of the Coldbrook party, tell him it is the Temple of Idleness, and that he never shall be desired to do one thing that he does not like, during the whole time he is there, my best services attend Mrs. Birt.

I am most sincerely,

And affectionately yours,

C. Hanbury Williams.

P. S. After having talked of venison, it would be barbarous not to send a warrant to a Forester.

TO THE SAME.

Dresden, 20th April, 1755.

My Dear Friend;

You are acquainted by this time with the great honours which the king has been pleased to confer upon Lord Essex and myself. We both owe them to the king and to the king alone. I was not surprized so much at his preferment, as at my own. Ambassador is the highest pitch one can arrive at in foreign affairs; and it has yet never failed of carrying those who have borne that title, to something great at home. All this will please you, because it pleases me. My embassy will not be a long one; and then I shall return to my country, my children and my friends.

Tum noctes cœnæque Deum.

I shall eat mutton at Coldbrook, and drink cyder at Newland.

My brother Hanbury has thought fit, at last, to be reconciled to his nieces, with whom he

had never any quarrel. I am not yet restored to his good graces; but continue to labour, or rather to caper, under the weight of his displeasure. I love Mrs. Hanbury with the greatest esteem, joined to my affection. Lady Essex loves her as well as I do: you cannot imagine how happy the Monmouth turnpike makes me. I hope some of the substantial people in the neighbourhood will take care of the work, that will enable me to fly between Newland and Coldbrook.

The hurry I am in is not to be expressed; and the expense I must go through incredible. Think of me, my dear friend, in a state coach, with pages, &c. I hate form and ceremony, and am plunged into such a degree of them both, that I must measure every step I take. Placing myself on the wrong side of a person, is a great crime; and going half a yard too far to meet him is almost high treason. But you will be surprized when I tell you, that I understand all these things, and have studied them.

I suppose you know that Lord and Lady Essex have resolved to come into Monmouthshire this summer; and I am pleased to find that Fanny still retains a great affection for that part of the world. She seems quite happy about her journey, and will fly about in her post chaise, for her lord will go upon the hills, as he is very fond of shooting. I must now tell you a story — Superstition and Ignorance go together, and Cruelty generally follows them. Poland is still as dark as England was four hundred years ago. The people there have a notion, that a Jew's child will never see, unless his eyes are rubbed with Christian blood. I inquired upon what foundation such a belief had been introduced; and was told by a bishop, that about two hundred years ago, a ship that belonged to some Jews, freighted with wine, was stranded upon the coast of Crim Tartary, and the Tartars plundered it. In one of the hogsheads was found a small runlet filled with blood, which these Jews confessed to be Chris-

tians blood for their childrens eyes. Upon this improbable foundation, the Poles have established their faith; which, however, I believe they would not have done, unless they had found their account in it; for, at present, whenever a Jew in Poland is suspected of the unpardonable crime of being rich, some villainous Pole kills a Christian child, and, in the night time, lays it before the Jew's door, and, the corpse being found there in the morning, is looked upon to be a sufficient proof of the murder; and the Jew, unless he can buy himself off, is burnt. I am almost ashamed to tell you, that nine poor wretches were burnt upon this sort of proof when I was last in Poland. I talked to many of the best and wisest persons upon this subject; but the church of Rome has wisely banished reason out of her religion; and, therefore, all argument, even in the cause of mercy, is reckoned blasphemy. I am really persuaded that the religion of Mahomet comes nearer to the doctrine of Christ, than that of the church

of Rome; or (if you will give me leave to make a bull) that a Mahometan is a better Christian than a Roman Catholic. Adieu, *Vive memor nostri et vale.*

C. Hanbury Williams.

TO THE SAME.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 14th, N. S. 1756.

Dear Sir;

After writing me the most friendly letter in the world, you conclude with desiring me to honour you with a line as often as my leisure will permit. In obedience, therefore, to your commands, I answer your letter by the very first post; and, I begin by telling you, that to my great astonishment, I have received a letter from Mr. Hanbury, which is neither passionate nor brutal. At the end of which, he desires I would write him an answer in calmness and temper, which I shall not fail to do very soon: it would be very extraordinary in any body but him, to desire further time to settle accounts with me, when he himself had insisted upon not receiving my Midsummer rents. I am very willing that he should go on to receive the produce of my estate, till next Christmas inclu-

sive; but, then, I hope my accounts will be ready, and that he will pay the balance into your hands, for I do not like the sketch of our account which he has sent me by any means; I shall send it to you by the first courier that goes from hence, with a remark or two upon it. I beg you will return my thanks to Major Chambre; I always looked upon him as my sincere friend, and I am sure when he reflects or explains himself to me, he will find that there can be no person more proper to look after my estate, than he whose grandson will one day enjoy it. I therefore beg, that you would continue in your resolutions of settling my accounts, and of receiving the balance of my brother Hanbury next Christmas.

You do not say one word to me in your letter about the Morgan family, though you know how concerned I am for their welfare, and how strongly I am attached to their interest; I think colonel Morgan always looked upon me as his friend, and I certainly always was so.

My brother Hanbury tells me in his letter that he has made immense purchases in Monmouthshire, which will give him great power; and among other he says, he has bought the whole Castle of Caldicot, which I am the less surprised at, because I never heard of a Castle being sold by piecemeals.

I wish I had been in the country at the time of Mr. Edwin's death, I would have endeavoured to make your neighbour act with more steadiness. Sure Major Mathews will not carry his election;* he is a most disagreeable man and far from being popular, I have heard from other hands that Mr. Morris acted with great spirit at Bristol. I think my brother Hanbury found means to quarrel with him as soon as he came to settle in our country, I have always heard, that he was a hot and injudicious man; and it was a very wrong step in our family to

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* The successful candidates were Capel Hanbury and William Morgan, Esqrs.

let him purchase Trostrey; if I had been in England that would never have happened.

You will be glad to hear that the warm Summer has done my health a great deal of good, and if it had not, I should not have been able to have endured this climate much longer; but I now hope to be able to finish the business the king has entrusted me with, still flattering myself that I shall have performed my task by next Christmas. What would I give that you could spend three or four months with me in this country; it is certainly well worth seeing, and the Greek clergy would make you stare. Half the parish priests cannot read, and the study of their youth is, to get the service by heart; but these things must be kept for long nights at Coldbrook.

Be assured my dear friend of my constant wishes for your welfare, and that I set a just and true value upon your friendship.

What a dismal conclusion of our affairs in

the Mediterranean, one would think it was hardly possible for a man to be so guilty, as I believe Mr. Byng to be. This is certain, that if after his scandalous engagement with the French fleet, he had only sailed towards Port-Mahon, and lay before that place, the French could never have taken Fort St. Philip. But what can all the other captains in the fleet say for not opposing Byng's return to Gibraltar, and what can the land officers say, who thrust themselves into a sea council of war, and encouraged Byng to make a scandalous retreat, to abandon his countrymen in Fort St. Philip, to the mercy of the French, and to bring an everlasting disgrace upon his country.

Give my best services to all the community at Newland, particularly to Mrs. Birt.

You say my brother Hanbury talked in plaintive style. I vow and protest, that I cannot imagine what he can found any complaint upon; ever since my going out of England, his behaviour to me and my children, has been as bad

as possible. No kindness or obligations have any effect upon him, and he is a slave not only to passion, but to ill-humour.

Non bene pro meritis capitur, sed tangitur irâ.

Adieu my worthy friend,

I am, most sincerely

And affectionately yours,

C. Hanbury Williams.

TO THE SAME.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 23rd, 1756.

Dear Sir;

Your friendly and obliging letter of 11th September is come safe to my hands. It is exactly such a one as I expected from you. I never can desire you to enter into any thing upon my account that is wrong, because I flatter myself that a very serious and due reflection has put my mind in a situation of neither wishing nor doing any thing that is not right.

I did imagine that, in the end, my brother Hanbury would not care to part with the management or rather the government of my affairs. He loves power more than any man, and in spite of a great fortune, and a very good name (I mean family name), he has so contrived it, that he has less than any body I ever knew; few people love him, and fewer fear him. He has been fifteen years an independent member

of Parliament without having done the least good to himself or any one friend in all that time.

His refusing to pay you the twenty pound bill was shocking to me, and his late letters have been such as you would imagine, if you were to read them, had been wrote to one of his debtors.

I return you the letter of attorney properly executed. When you have settled the balance of his accounts, you will then take them and deliver them to Major Chambre, for I agree with you, that those accounts ought to be in the hands of him who is to manage my estate. I am glad to hear the account you give of my nephew John, in short he is my heir, and I intend to form his education, therefore the prospect you give me of his person and parts are very agreeable to me. I shall always love and esteem Mrs. Hanbury of Pontpool, I have certainly obligations to her which I can never forget, and I shall always partake in every thing

that either grieves or pleases her, and pray when you have an opportunity tell her so. Nothing has surprised me more, than the flights of young Mr. Van;* it is the mother of whom he is the picture, that works within him. Good God! if old Van was to hear that his son stood for a county, and kept thirteen bay coach horses, he would rise out of his grave to disinherit him. Major Mathews is certainly an unpopular and disagreeable man, and if Mr. Van spends his money freely, I should not despair of his election, I am sorry he stood against Mr. Morgan's judgment, but my brother Hanbury does right in supporting him with all his power. I am much obliged to you for the accounts you give me about the Monmouth turnpike, which is a thing of the utmost consequence to me, and my estate. I am glad to hear people begin to open their eyes in our part of the world, upon so plain a public good, and I long to hear

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* Vaneck.

the result of the meeting at Usk, if the roads are perfectly well mended, all passengers from Gloucester to South Wales, will naturally come through Monmouth and Abergavenny, and if another road was made from Monmouth to Cardiff, it would be of great benefit to those parts. To me in particular, it would be as agreeable as useful, it would bring me with pleasure to my own House, and make Coldbrook three hours nearer to Newland; and I flatter myself that you and I shall often sit at Coldbrook park gate to watch the coming by of the Caermarthen stage-coach.

I am delighted with your description of Piercefield. I intend to be acquainted with Mr. Morris as soon as I come to England, for my brother Hanbury shall mix me no more in his quarrels. I beg in your next, that you would be very particular about the roads, and I desire to know, whether the map of Monmouthshire is yet finished, for it was undertaken

by the same man that made that of Herefordshire, before I came out of England.

As I do not doubt Lord Gage's readiness to serve you, I will most heartily join myself to him, in doing every thing I can to reward your merit and satisfy my friendship, though I am still of opinion, that if those gentlemen who signed the letter to the Duke of Newcastle, would have pursued their request by personal application, you must have been provided for long ago.

Myhealth, as I told you in my last, is established; but a Diarrhœa which lasted a twelvemonth has impaired my constitution very much. I often wish to retire, but do not think I have fortitude enough to endure it long. Your old neighbour Tom Windham, is always before my eyes: the more one advances in years, the more precious time grows, and I cannot think of murdering my remaining ones, as he did in reading and sleeping; when one is in the world,

one's thoughts and wishes are for a retreat, when one is in retirement, our worldly desires crowd back upon us. The step out of business into what is called tranquillity is easily made; but the contrary is always attended with awkwardness, a little shame, and much difficulty. I think myself as capable to live alone as most people; but even on that point, I am conscious of my own weakness, and I am always uneasy, when I think that Coldbrook is but ten measured miles from Pontpool. I suppose, as I am an ambassador, you expect a paragraph of politics from me, know then that our affairs mend on the continent, that the king of Prussia like another Gustavus Adolphus, has taken arms for the defence of his own countries, for the support of the liberties of Europe, and the salvation of the Protestant religion. Know also that with 40,000 men, and himself at the head of them (which is at least 20,000 more). He has in a pitched battle beat the Flower of the Austrian army, though it was almost double

to him in number, and to his eternal glory know, that if he has the laurel upon his head, he carries the Olive Branch in his hand and offers peace wherever he goes. The threats of the three greatest powers in Europe, instead of frightening him from his designs, made him execute them more early, his plan and the execution of it is all his own. He is king, minister, and general, and posterity as well as the present age will be surprised to hear that—tot sustinuit et tanta negotia *Solus.*

I wish as heartily as you do, that you could spend a few months with me at Petersburg; but there is a great Gulph between us, and as it is almost impossible you should come to me, wait with patience till I come to you, and expect with pleasure to see my cheerful face at Coldbrook. Imagine you see me at the head of the table, with a daughter on each side of me, and yourself saying grace at the bottom, with a haunch of hunted venison, and a plate of onions and butter placed before you, and

then you will perceive me enjoying all those heartfelt sensations that reciprocal tenderness and friendship can produce. The Arabian Nights cannot furnish more surprising events than I shall still relate. I shall talk to you of nations, whose names you do not know, and tell you many things, which, though strictly true, surpass all belief. In short, for the first month, I shall give you leave to examine me as you would a new Oriental Dictionary.

I shall finish my letter by desiring you to balance my accounts with my brother Hanbury, and receive what is due to me, and to send me another letter of attorney, either written or printed, to enable Major Chambre to receive my rents. Adieu, my dear friend, my good wishes attend the family of love at Newland. I am, with the greatest sincerity and friendship,

Yours——

TO CHLOE:

A PERSUASIVE TO LOVE.

SINCE Nature ne'er acted in vain,
  Say, Chloe, why are you so fair?
Was beauty designed to give pain,
  And wit only meant for a snare?
No, no, you were form'd to delight,
  And here all your business is love;
What Nature design'd must be right,
  Her dictates we are bound to approve.
Haste, then, let us time now employ,
  And ev'ry refinement improve;
Make life a full circle of joy,
  Its centre immutable love.
In pleasure we 'll sport ev'ry day,
  And ne'er take account of our hours;
Let time fly as swift as he may,
  The present must always be ours.

THE FAIR MORALIST.

AS late by Thames's verdant side,
  With solitary pensive air,
Fair Chloe search'd the silver tide,
  With pleasing hope and patient care :
Forth as she cast the silken fly,
  And musing stroll'd the bank along;
She thought no list'ning ear was nigh,
  While thus she tun'd her moral song :
" The poor unhappy thoughtless fair,
  " Like the mute race are oft undone;
" These with a gilded fly we snare,
  " With gilded flatt'ry those are won.
" Careless, like them, they frolic round,
  " And sportive toss th' alluring bait;
" At length they feel the treach'rous wound,
  " And struggle to be free too late.

"But, ah, fair fools! beneath this shew
"Of gaudy colours lurks a hook!
"Cautious the bearded mischief view,
"And ere you leap, be sure to look."
More she 'd have sung, when, from the shade
Rush'd forth gay Damon, brisk and young;
And, whatsoe'er he did, or said,
Poor Chloe quite forgot her song.

On Pope's *having just published his Dunciad.*

AT length Pope conquers; Hervey, Wortley, yield,
And nameless numbers cover all the field:
Just so of old, or Roman story lies,
Domitian triumph'd o'er a host of flies.

VERSES

BY

SIR C. HANBURY WILLIAMS,

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

FANNY, beware of flattery,
Your sex's much-lov'd enemy;
For other foes we are prepar'd,
And Nature puts us on our guard:
In that alone such charms are found,
We court the dart, we nurse the hand;
And this, my child, an Æsop's Fable
Will prove much better than I'm able.

A young vain female Crow,
Had perch'd upon a pine tree's bough,
  And sitting there at ease,
Was going to indulge her taste,
In a most delicious feast,
  Consisting of a slice of cheese.

A sharp-set Fox (a wily creature)
Pass'd by that way
In search of prey ;
When to his nose the smell of cheese,
Came in a gentle western breeze ;
No Welchman knew, or lov'd it better :
He bless'd th' auspicious wind,
And strait look'd round to find,
What might his hungry stomach fill,
And quickly spied the Crow,
Upon a lofty bough,
Holding the tempting prize within her bill.
But she was perch'd too high,
And Reynard could not fly :
She chose the tallest tree in all the wood,
What then could bring her down ?
Or make the prize his own ?
Nothing but flatt'ry could.
He soon the silence broke,
And thus ingenious hunger spoke :
" Oh, lovely bird,
" Whose glossy plumage oft has stirr'd

" The envy of the grove ;
" Thy form was Nature's pleasing care,
" So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
" All that behold must love.
" But, if to suit a form like thine,
" Thy voice be as divine ;
" If both in these together meet,
" The feather'd race must own
" Of all their tribe there's none,
" Of form so fair, of voice so sweet.
" Who 'll then regard the linnet's note,
" Or heed the lark's melodious throat ?
" What pensive lovers then shall dwell
" With raptures on their Philomel ?
" The goldfinch shall his plumage hide,
" The swan abate her stately pride,
" And Juno's bird no more display
" His various glories to the sunny day :
" Then grant thy Suppliant's prayer,
" And bless my longing ear
" With notes that I would die to hear !"

Flattery prevail'd, the Crow believ'd
The tale, and was with joy deceiv'd;
In haste to show her want of skill,
She open'd wide her bill:
  She scream'd as if the de'el was in her;
Her vanity became so strong
That, wrapt in her own frightful song,
  She quite forgot, and dropt her dinner:
The morsel fell quick by the place
    Where Reynard lay,
    Who seized the prey
And eat it without saying grace.

He, sneezing, cried "The day's my own,
"My end's obtain'd,
"The prize is gain'd,
"And now I'll change my note.
"Vain, foolish, cheated, Crow,
"Lend your attention now,
"A truth or two I'll tell you;
"For, since I've fill'd my belly,
"Of course my flatt'ry's done:

" Think you I took such pains,
" And spoke so well only to hear you croak?
" No, 'twas the luscious bait,
" And a keen appetite to eat,
" That first inspir'd, and carried on the cheat.
" 'Twas hunger furnish'd hands and matter,
" Flatterers must live by those they flatter;
" But weep not, Crow; a tongue like mine
" Might turn an abler head than thine;
" And though reflection may displease,
" If wisely you apply your thought,
" To learn the lesson I have taught,
" Experience, sure, is cheaply bought,
" And richly worth a slice of cheese."

LE PATER-NOSTER

DE

MADAME DE POMPADOUR,

MAÎTRESSE DU ROI DE FRANCE.

GRAND Dieu, je confesse mes Crimes;
Je sais qu'il faut les condamner,
Qu'ils ont merité les abîmes,
Et je n'ose plus vous nommer
Pater-noster

Helas! pourrois-je encore attendre
Quelque heureux effet de vos coups,
Et pouvez vous encore m'entendre,
Puisque je suis si loin de vous,
Qui es in cœlis;

Comment sauver un cœur coupable,
Qui s'est moque de votre loi,
Et dont l'orgueil insupportable,
Voudroit ouïr chanter
Sanctificetur

Oui, par un dessein temeraire,
Je voulois m'eriger en Dieu ;
Je voulois lancer le tonnère,
Et faire oublier en tout lieu
Nomen tuum.

Déjà la Maltote inflexible
M'admettoit dans son noir complot ;
Ce qui lui sembloit impossible,
Me coutoit tout, ou plus ce mot
Adveniat

Le clergè, Paris, la province,
De leurs biens enfloient mon tresor ;
Et quand je caressois mon prince,
Je disois ruinons encore
Regnum tuum ;

Ce fier Monarque de la France,
De Roi devenu mon sujet,
Me prouvoit son obeissance,
En repondant à mon projet,
Fiat voluntas tua

Et puis noié dans ses delices,
Ne consultant plus la raison,
Il adorait jusqu'a mes vices,
Et se croioit dans mon Giron,
Sicut in cœlo

Mais quoiqu'enfin je m'imagine,
Je ne saurois tromper vos yeux ;
Mon regne panche à la ruine,
Et l'on me maudit dans les cieux,
Et in terra.

J'entends tout le peuple qui crie,
" Perisse ce fleau des humains,
" Vengeons nous arrachons la vie,
" Et qui nous ôte de nos mains
Panem quotidianum

" Le Roi en hero de finance,
" Immole tout à son amour;
" D'abord Machault pille la France,
" Le reste dit la Pompadour
Da nobis hodie;

" Grand Dieu, c'est trop la laisser vivre;
" Vos arrêts vengeurs son trop dous;
" Hâtes l'instant qui nous delivre,
" Et l'abandonnes à nos coups,
Et remitte nobis

" Brisant un scepter legitime,
" Du Roi elle a fait un tyran;
" Nos travaux ont nourri son crime,
" Et nous pourrons nommer son Sang
Debita nostra

" Louis, vous jadis notre père,
" Ce nom n'a pour vous plus d'appas;
" La seule Etoile peut vous plaire,
" Ah! vous ne la connoissez pas
Sicut et nos

" Dieu ! par un arrêt equitable,
" Rendez nous maîtres de son sort,
" Et d'un ésprit inexorable,
" Nous ne dirons qu'après sa mort "

Dimittimus

C'est ainsi, qu'enflammé de rage,
Le peuple fait des voeux cruels ;
En vain pour dissiper l'orage,
Je cede le bien des autels

Debitoribus nostris.

Rien ne peut flechir sa colère,
Rien ne peut etancher ses pleurs,
Qu'en vengeant sur sa misère,
Grand Dieu, arrêtes les fureurs,

Et ne nos inducas

Je crains, je tremble pour ma vie,
Pour mon Machault, pour mon argent,
Et qu'une beauté moins haïe,
N'induisse mon prince inconstant

In tentationem

Rassurez mon âme effrayée,
  Calmez men desespoir, Seigneur ;
C'est assez qu'on m'ait menacé,
  Ne realissez pas ma peur,
Sed libera nos a malo.

Conservez-moi, Dieu, tout propice,
  Mon argent et le cœur du Roi,
Mais s'il faut qu'enfin je perisse,
  Perisse la France avant moi.
Amen.

VERSES,

Written by Sir C. H. WILLIAMS, *on seeing a Man with a heavy Load on his Back and an Oak Leaf in his Hat on the 29th of May—Communicated by* WM. COOMBES, *Esq., Henley on Thames.*

" POOR fellow, what is it to you,
" Or King, or Restoration?
" 'Twill make no difference to you,
" Whoever rules the nation.

" Still must thy back support the load,
" Still bend thy back with toil;
" Still must thou trudge the self-same road,
" While great ones share the spoil."

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

KINGS AND GOVERNMENT

OF

POLAND:

IN LETTERS FROM SIR C. H. W.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. H. F.

THE following Historical Sketch of the Kings of Poland, as well as several of the Letters preceding, have been communicated to the Publisher by the Grandson of the Person to whom they were originally addressed.

June 6, 1822.

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
KINGS AND GOVERNMENT
OF
POLAND:
IN LETTERS FROM SIR C. H. W.
TO
THE RIGHT HON. H. F.

Dresden, 25th August, N. S. 1748.

DEAR SIR;

I NOW sit down to begin to satisfy your curiosity, as well as I am able, with respect to the History and Government of Poland. And I believe, before I have done, you will repent that you ever questioned me upon the subject. It will take up a great deal of time and paper; but I undertake it with cheerfulness for many reasons. The first, because having a great deal

of leisure upon my hands, it will be an amusement to myself. The second, because the History both of the Government and Kings of Poland, is almost totally unknown in England. And lastly, because I flatter myself it may help you to pass away a long Winter's evening at Holland-house, and give you some entertainment from the novelty of the subject.

I intend to divide what I have to say into two parts. The first will contain a short History of the Sovereigns of Poland from Lechus the First, down to Augustus the Third. And the second will give you as succinct an account as is consistent with clearness, of the past and present Government of Poland.

I shall add a short dissertation at the end of the whole upon the Liberum Veto, as the Poles call it; by which one Nuntio, or Member, is capable of stopping or invalidating the whole proceedings of the Diet. This ruinous privilege, this destructive power, lodged in one person, is the source of all the confusion that

reigns in Poland. This leaves them, not only a prey to one another, but to whatever enemy shall please to attack them; and yet they call it their Palladium, and the Pupilla Libertatis.

I shall now at once begin my History, by telling you, that as in the accounts of most countries, their origin is very dark, so that of Poland, though taken up at a later period, is the darkest. The conjectures of their own miserable historians differ about it; but they seem all to agree that Lechus was the first who collected the Poles into a body, and was himself their leader; and this happened in the latter end of the sixth century after the birth of our Lord Christ. But all that is told of him and his successors, is so ill-grounded and so dark, so full of incredible wonders, and impossible miracles, that it is plainly all fable and fiction. His family continued to govern Poland till the year 840,* when their writers

* The names of the Princes that are said to have governed Poland after the death of Lechus down to the year 840,

seem to think they tread upon surer grounds. To convince their readers of it, they tell the most ridiculous and improbable stories of the Election of Piast, who from the Plough was chosen their Sovereign; and from whom all the native subjects of Poland that are advanced to the Throne continue to this day to be called Piast.

The last of the race of Lechus was Popiel the second, of whom I shall only say after the author that I borrow from, that he was cruel in his nature, and put many of his own relations to death at once, out of whose bodies there came a large number of mice who devoured both Popiel and his wife.

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are Crachus, who built Cracow; Venda, his daughter; Lescus 1st; Lescus 2nd; Lescus 3rd; Popiel 1st; Popiel 2nd.

Some Polish writers say that the race of Lechus being extinguished (though they never pretend to say who his descendants were, and what names they bore) Poland was for some time governed by twelve Waiwodes, who not being able to agree among themselves, chose Cracus for their king in the year 700: but this I take to be a fiction, and only introduced to prove the antiquity of the Waiwodes, which in Polish is a synonymous word for Palatin.

But the famous legend of the Election of Piast must not be omitted, for in such parts of this History as won't afford you instruction, I intend to try to give you some diversion. What I am now going to tell you is faithfully taken from Dlugossius, their famous and best historian.

Popiel's life and death having disgusted the Poles from the rest of his line, they summoned an assembly at Cruisvic for the choice of a new Sovereign; but in vain; for the heats and animosities among the several great ones of the country, prevented their being able to fix upon any person for their chief, and the assembly dissolved itself. But though the assembly was dissolved, the heats and animosities continued, and broke out into all the shapes of vengeance throughout all Poland: these calamities soon cured themselves. Every body grew tired of these petty civil wars; and the next year they all agreed to convoke another assembly at the same place, and then it was that Piast was elected.

This Piast is described as a poor farmer extremely industrious and charitable, strictly just and honest. He was blest with a wife, who was endowed with the same virtues, and who was called Rzepica, and one son, to whom at that time they had not given any name. This family applied themselves diligently to husbandry, and lived upon the product of their own little farm: but what they were most famed for was, an universal charity (to the utmost of their power) to all the sick, the unfortunate, and the stranger. Though (says my author, who is a Priest) they were themselves Pagans; and it was reckoned that there were more poor relieved at Piast's Cottage than at the Sovereign's Palace.

It happened not long before the death of Popiel, that two strangers who had never been seen in those parts before, venerable in their looks and garb, arrived at the Sovereign's Palace to partake of the rights of Charitable Hospitality; but, finding the gates shut, and

entrance being denied them, they were directed to the Cottage of the benevolent and charitable Piast, where they were received with the greatest cheerfulness and good-will, by Piast and Rzepica. And just at that time the good farmer had prepared a large vessel of Mead (which is a liquor that is still drank all over Poland, and which they manage so as to keep good for several years, for I have drank it at ten years old extremely agreeable), and had fatted a hog in order to entertain their neighbours, and celebrate the day when, according to the Pagan custom, their son was to have his head shaved, and to have a name given him; but Piast was so pleased with his two strangers, that, forgetting the festival, he killed the fatted hog, and dressed them a dinner in the best manner he could, and produced his Mead in great plenty; and while he and Rzepica waited on the guests, Piast desired them to accept of what he set before them, assuring them of the heartiest welcome, which they ought to prefer

to even a better meal, and ended his speech with something like Evander's to Eneas.

Aude hospes contemnere opes, &c.

The guests, with gratitude for the refreshment they had received, and with admiration at the good people's charitable hospitality, assured them that they were not only thankful, but that they should also see that they were, and had it in their power to be grateful,—when immediately the empty cup of Mead that was on the table began to fill of itself; and the master of the house being ordered to bring all the empty vessels that he had, they were also soon filled with the same liquor. After this the guests bid him borrow all the vessels he could of his neighbours, which he did, and they were filled also, and the joints of pork were multiplied in the same manner.

By this, and by the counsels of these two heavenly messengers, Piast became soon rich, and the festival for the naming his son approaching, he, by the advice of his guests, invited

not only all his neighbours and fellow citizens, but Prince Popiel himself, and after having by the divine help prepared and given a magnificent entertainment, his son had his head shaved by the two strangers, who gave him at the same time the name of Semovitus, and after they had performed that office they disappeared.

Hitherto you must perceive, that the great Polish historian Dlugossius has humbly stooped to borrow the story of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid—which he has introduced and told with much more pomp, but not half so well as Doctor Swift.

But this miracle is not yet ceased, and I must once more bring these wonderful strangers (with whom you are now pretty well acquainted) upon the Stage.

At the time of the meeting of the second assembly for the Election of a Sovereign of Poland, the two same persons came once more to visit Piast; they once more filled his house with meat, and his cellars with drink, to

the great joy of Piast and Rzepica, and after some stay they declared to Piast, that he was the person designed by heaven to rule over the Poles, and that he and his descendants should reign in that country for many ages.

The assembly that had been summoned was now met, and after having spent much time in endeavouring to reconcile opposite interests and in fruitless debate, it happened that provisions of all sorts grew scarce; but particularly liquor, and the whole assembly was near perishing by thirst; when Piast by the advice and order of his guests brought forth a small vessel of Mead, which he had prepared for his own use, and that of those who really wanted it, and having invited the whole assembly, the vessel never ceased running till every body was thoroughly satisfied.

You will easily imagine, that by virtue of all this liquor, Piast carried his election, and was chosen king, to the great joy of every body, says my historian, except himself; for he

would willingly have declined it, and certainly would never have accepted it, but by the immediate commands of his two guests; but at their instigation, he suffered himself to be conducted to the Palace, amidst the universal acclamations of the people. Rzepica went with him, and they carried with them his oaken sandals to put his Royal Descendants (as he said) in mind from how humble a stock their greatness first arose.

Will you now believe me, when I tell you that the book out of which I quote this, is certainly the work of the ablest of the Polish historians; was written by a man who was very high in their church; who lived about the year 1500; has been reprinted so lately as the year 1711; and is at this time in the highest esteem all over Poland. But the ignorance, superstition, and licentiousness of that unaccountable people, still remain in their full force, and produce their natural fruits. They are abject to their priests,

and insolvent to their prince, they bear with cheerfulness the heavy yoke of the Church of Rome that galls them severely, while they won't suffer the reins of their own gentle government to touch their necks.

But to return to Piast you may be sure that after my historian had placed him upon the throne by a miracle, he made him do wonders the instant he was seated there.

He tells us that, by his great lights and prudence, he soon removed all the evils his wicked predecessor had caused; that he exterminated the troops of robbers and banditti, which at that time infested Poland; and that (except the sons and grandsons of Popiel, who refused to acknowledge or pay tribute to him, and who from Pomerania and the Sea Coast of Prussia made several inroads upon Poland, but were constantly repulsed with loss) the whole Polish nation were thoroughly satisfied with a prince, who never forgot his humble origin when ele-

vated to a throne, and who never lost a friend, nor failed either to appease or overcome his foreign or domestic enemies.

After this Dlugossius makes him remove the residence of the Sovereign from Cruisvic to Gnesna, and live to be one hundred and twenty years old; and finishes his life with the following very extraordinary piece of History:

"That nothing improbable may appear in "the wonders we have told of the life of Piast, "from whence either calumny, or disbelief, "might arise; I shall cite two parallel cases "both indisputably true: one of which is to be "found in the life of St. Remigius; who when "he was Bishop of Rheims, taking care by an "annual visitation to examine the manners, "morals, and faith of the people committed to "his charge; he observed that one of his own "relations did not preserve that hospitality in "his house that became him; and that he had "no wine in his cellars. Upon which he

" kneeled down before one of the empty hogs-
" heads, and after having prayed before it, he
" made the sign of the cross upon it, and wine
" immediately flowed out in great plenty.
" Another example I shall cite, which is to be
" found in the life of St. Germanus, who when
" he went to preach the Gospel in Britain,
" accompanied by his disciples, in an extreme
" cold Winter, he arrived at the king's Palace,
" and begged some hospitable charity for him-
" self, and his followers, to preserve them from
" the miseries of hunger, and the rudeness of
" the season. The king (what king God
" knows!) denied him his request, and refused
" him and his companions admittance into his
" palace; but one of the king's servants com-
" ing out of the palace, beheld the saint and
" his retinue with compassion, and invited them
" to his house where he killed a calf for them,
" and gave them to eat: but when St. Germanus
" (and his tribe) had eaten up all the veal, he

"called for the skin, and putting it over the "bones, the saint made a prayer and imme- "diately the calf appeared in the same form "that he had before he was killed, the noise of "this miracle being spread abroad; the saint "entered the palace the next morning, assem- "bled the people together, and after having "reproached the king with his want of charity "and hospitality, deposed him, and obliged his "Majesty with his wife and children to depart "out of the palace immediately, which they did "much against their wills. He then proceeded "to place the charitable servant upon the "throne, and from that time the kings of "England have sprung from this serving- "man."

Here is a point of our History, of which I believe you were till now entirely ignorant, and I do not doubt, but that the two last quoted stories have so fully convinced you of the truth of the first that you equally believe them all

three: and here I shall take my leave of you for the present, and leave you to reflect upon the impudence of those who invent these fables and the infatuation of those who believe them,

I am, dear Sir,

With true esteem and affection,

Your most obliged

And most faithful

Humble Servant,

C. Hanbury Williams.

Dresden 8th Sept. 1748.

Dear Sir;

Simovitus succeeded his father Piast, and is said to have been the first that introduced military titles and exercise into Poland. He left a son, Lescus, who, being young when his father died, the Poles appointed a certain number of Barons to take care of the country till he came of age: of him there is nothing said, but that he did not love war. He died, and left a son, whose name was Zemislaus, of whom I find little, but that he was a wise Prince, and that he left a son who was called Miesceslans, and who was born blind; but when he came to have his head shaved and his name given him, he, at once, had the use of his eyes given him also, and saw distinctly. This lie is invented to usher that prince into history with something extraordinary about him, because he was the first Polish sovereign that embraced Christianity; and the first, according to Dit-

marus (Bishop of Mersburgh a good German historian), that owned himself a vassal of the Emperor of Germany.

The account of his conversion is not to be omitted. He was a prince (says the historian from whom I take it) greatly addicted to venery, and very powerful in feats of love: he kept no less than seven wives and concubines; but though he greatly desired one, he never could have a child. There were at that time, at the place of his residence, some Christian priests and missionaries, who told him, that he never could hope for an heir as long as he persisted in Paganism; but that, if he would turn Christian, send away all his women, and marry a Christian princess, he would soon be blest with a son. Upon this Miesceslaus sent messengers to Boleslaus, Prince of Bohemia, to demand Dabrowka his daughter to be his lawful and only wife: to which Boleslaus consented upon condition that Miesceslaus should embrace the Christian religion, which he accordingly did.

There is a story that happened in this reign which I must relate: a Duke of Russia (Swatoslaus) having invaded Greece, and returning home laden with plunder, was surprised by a party of Greeks, with their Prince Bura at their head, who defeated his troops, and took him prisoner: after which, Bura cut off his head, and made a cup of his skull, which he set in gold, and which he constantly drank out of every day in commemoration of his successful victory. Miesceslaus had by Dabrowka a son, who was called Boleslaus.

Miesceslaus died in the year 992, and was succeeded by his son Boleslaus, the first who is described as a brave and expert general, and who waged war with success against the Bohemians, Russians, and Prussians.

He founded the Archbishopric of Gnesna; the bishopric of Cracow, and seven others. He ordered all his subjects to be baptized, and established this custom throughout his country, that at mass, when the Gospel was reading,

every Pole should stand up and draw his sabre half out of the scabbard, to show that he was always ready to fight in defence of that book.

Boleslaus having in vain tried at Rome to get the Pope to erect Poland into a kingdom, and declare him King of it, obtained, a little before his death, that title from Otho the Third, Emperor of Germany.

The same Emperor, going to pray at St. Adelbertus's shrine at Gnesna, was so nobly received by Boleslaus that he married his niece, Rixa, the Elector Palatine's daughter, to his son Mieceslaus.

It is said that Boleslaus created twelve Senators or Counsellors who were the first that ever were heard of in Poland.

He died in the year 1025, and was succeeded by his son Mieceslaus, who was an unfortunate prince, and whom at last the Poles despised for being entirely governed by his wife; but he certainly wanted a governor of some sort, for he was mad for a considerable time before his

death, and died in that condition. He left one son, called Casimir.

The Poles, who hated Rixa, and by reason of his tender years, could not fear Casimir, refused to acknowledge him for king, under pretence of his not being of age, and instituted a Regency, consisting of Rixa, and some Senators and Barons, who were to govern jointly till Casimir should come of age; but the Regents differing among themselves, the Barons drove Rixa and Casimir out of the kingdom, and she fled with her son to Paris, where she took great care of his education, and where, at last, he went into orders and became a Monk in the Abbey of Cluny, and she retired into Saxony.

In the mean time Poland fell into vast confusion. Maslas, a Pole, seized all Massovia; and the Bohemians took Silesia, upon which the Poles began to find the want of their king, and sent a deputation to the Abbey of Cluny to desire Casimir to return to his own country,

and take possession of his hereditary kingdom.

He received with great joy the offers of his subjects; but there remained a difficulty that was necessary to be removed before he could comply with their desires, which was, the Pope's dispensation for him to quit the habit of the order which he had taken. The Pope, according to the custom of Rome, granted the demand with the usual paternal goodness of those who fill that See, at the same time taking care, for the glory of God and his Church, to make it turn in some way to his own advantage. He, therefore, dispensed with Casimir's vows, upon condition that all the Poles (the nobility and clergy excepted) should pay what we formerly in England called Peter-pence, in order to keep a lamp perpetually burning in St. Peter's church. Besides which, the Pope obliged every Pole to shave all round his head, and cut the hair short at top that they might all look like monks, which custom is still used by every

person that wears the Polish dress, and by the king himself at his coronation.

I must confess, for my own part, that I believe this part of the Pope's bargain, the ordering the Poles to shave their heads, is either all fiction, or done to give a Christian varnish to a heathen institution. Whoever has read Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome, may see the great connection between the present Roman Catholic functions and ceremonies and those of the Pagan Romans; and, I believe, that the Poles have only constantly continued the old custom they had of shaving their heads when their names were given them, or that the Popes seeing they could not hinder them from going on in that heathenish custom, ordered the Poles, by virtue of their supreme authority, to do a thing which the same authority could not have prevented them from doing.

I was vastly surprised the first time I saw a Polish nobleman with his head so trimmed, in

a night-gown and boots, and over the gown a blue ribband and a star; and I believe the description of it appears strange to you.

Casimir being at last seated upon the throne of Poland, behaved well both in war and peace, and retook Massovia and Silesia, and re-united them to Poland. He died in the year 1058, and was succeeded by his son,

Boleslaus the Second, who, either from courage or ferocity, was called the Bold. He waged successful wars against the Russians, the Prussians, the Bohemians, Pomeranians, and Hungarians; but all these victories were attended with nothing but bloodshed, and I do not find that he extended his dominions or reaped any permanent fruits of his conquests.

He was the first king of Poland that declared himself independent of the German Emperors; and, without asking their leave, he had himself crowned at Gnesna in the year 1070.

But, after having praised him for his great-

ness of mind and warlike achievements, I must add, that all the Polish historians say, he was a most cruel and libidinous Prince.

They farther say, that, after having conquered the Russians, he fell into all the debaucheries of that people; and from them he learned those pleasures that afterwards made him inclined to idleness, and rendered him the abomination of his subjects.

I have read that Rome was debauched by Greece, which she had overcome; and that the delights of Capua ruined Hanibal in the midst of his conquests; but little expected to find that Boleslaus had been undone by a taste of the soft pleasures he found in Moscovy.

However, I must follow my guides, and tell you that this king persisting in his cruelty and lust (though no historian tells us in what that cruelty consisted), Stanislaus, Bishop of Cracow, like a holy, pious, meddling, insolent, priest, thought it became his office to reprimand his Prince, which he did, as my author says, in the

humblest, modest, and most Christian manner imaginable; and to prove this, he makes a speech for the bishop, which is what a priest, speaking of a priest, may call humble and modest, but what a layman would call a saucy, insolent, reprimand.

However, let the speech be what it will, it had no other effect upon Boleslaus, but to make him extremely angry with the prelate; and he immediately turned his thoughts to revenge, and soon found the following occasion:

The bishop had bought an estate from a person who had not long before purchased it from another proprietor of another family. The king, to plague the bishop, stirred up the heirs of the first possessor to begin a law suit at his tribunal against the prelate; and their plea was, that their ancestor had never sold the estate to the family from whom Stanislaus had purchased it; and that, therefore, the right remained in them. At the day of trial, Stanislaus appeared, but his witnesses had been so terrified by the

threats of Boleslaus that none of them came, and the king decided the suit against the bishop: upon which that prelate said, " he would soon make the goodness of his cause appear by a witness that could not be frightened from doing his duty, and speaking truth;" and after having said this, he returned to Cracow where he summoned all the members of the Church, and having made them fast and pray for three days, he went with them to the tomb of the first proprietor, whose name was Peter, and commanded him to rise out of his grave and follow him. Peter immediately obeyed, and followed the bishop to the king's palace; and there declared that he had sold, and had power to sell the estate to those from whom the bishop had bought it. After having given this evidence, Stanislaus and Peter, returned to Peter's grave, but before Peter buried himself, the bishop asked him very civilly whether he had a mind to live any longer, and that if he had, life was at his service, upon which Peter

made a fine speech against life, and ended it with desiring the prelate to pray him out of purgatory, and then entered his coffin, and composed himself very calmly to die for the second time.

But this was not triumph and revenge enough for this meek churchman; who finding Boleslaus continued to pursue his course of pleasures, and pay no regard to his admonitions, thought it his duty out of zeal for his sovereign's service, and for the good of his soul to excommunicate him. And after this, when the king was one day going to Mass, the bishop stopped him at the church door and forbid him entrance: this provoked Boleslaus to such a degree that he resolved to put the prelate to death, and after having sent some soldiers to cut his head off in a church where he was officiating, who (my historian says) came back without being able through fear and awe to fulfil their master's commands, the king went there himself, and killed him at the altar, cut off his head and

divided his body into four quarters, which were thrown out into the plains to be devoured by the beasts of the field and fowls of the air.

You may be sure that a miracle must be at hand to illustrate this great event. There are many, but the two chief are, that when the birds of prey, such as kites and crows came to feed on the carcass, there appeared two white eagles who defended the dead body, till the clergy of Cracow, in despite of the king's commands, came, and gathered up the scattere dremains of their bishop.

The other miracle is, that when these priests had conveyed the quarters of Stanislaus to Cracow, they began to put them into some shape, when lo! on a sudden the quarters all joined of themselves; the head placed itself upon its shoulders, and the whole corps became as perfect as if Stanislaus had died in his bed.

Thus ends the legend of Stanislaus, Saint and Martyr, whose memory is still in the highest devotion, and whose story is still believed in the

most implicit manner all over Poland; and I believe the Diet who can agree in nothing else, would unanimously agree to burn the person alive that had dared to tell his history in the manner I have done.

You are now expecting the thunder of Christ's Vicar against Boleslaus, it came immediately; he was deposed by it; his subjects were absolved from their allegiance, and blessed was that man to be, who should murder this bloody and excommunicated king.

Boleslaus knowing the force of these anathemas fled out of Poland into Hungary. Where some authors say, he died a natural death; and others declare, that struck with horror at his own past life, he killed himself.

I cannot help finishing this reign with one observation, which is, that I do not find this prince ever did any great things for the church. He founded no bishopricks, and I think all his deeds of religious charity were confined to the building of one monastery; and I, therefore,

conclude that his character suffers a good deal from this, as it has passed only through the hands of a churchman.

Some authors say, that it was upon account of the murder of Stanislaus, that the Pope ordered the Poles to shave their heads; but I think the other reason more likely, though I doubt much about them both.

He had but one son, whose name was Miesceslaus, who died before his father in the flower of his youth.

To Boleslaus then succeeded his brother Uladislaus the first, in the year 1087; but he durst not take the title of king upon him for the Pope had forbid the Poles to proceed to the election of another king, without his holiness's consent; of him I find that he was also called Hermannus, that he governed Poland well, and was a brave and wise Prince.

The Emperor, Henry the fourth, after the excommunication, and deprivation of Boleslaus conferred the title of king, and the kingdom of

Poland upon Wratislaus, King of Bohemia; but it was an empty gift, for Uladislaus made war upon him, and his son Bretislaus after him, which war, after various successes on each side, was terminated by a peace; by which both parties were to continue in possession of those territories they were at that time owners of.

Uladislaus's wars against the Prussians and Pomeranians were successful. He had a bastard son named Sbigneus, who rebelled against him, and joined the Prussians; but was overcome by his father and made prisoner, and afterwards became so great a favourite with Uladislaus, that when he died, he left him joint sovereign of his dominions with his legitimate son Boleslaus: he died in the year 1102.

Boleslaus the third, who, from his wry-mouth, was called Krzywousty, began soon to find that his bastard brother could no more bear him for his equal, than he had borne his father for a superior; for he raised insurrections and rebellions against him at home, and invited the

Bohemians and Pomeranians to enter the kingdom to join him against Boleslaus; but he was overcome and banished out of Poland.

After this, Boleslaus made war upon the Bohemians; but was forced to leave that country to defend himself against the Pomeranians whom he beat.

Sbigneus having had leave given him to return into Poland, and the royal word for his security, came back into that kingdom, when he was soon afterwards murdered.

In the year 1109, the Emperor, Henry the fifth, in conjunction with Swentopelk,* Prince of Bohemia entered Silesia and besieged Glogau, but was forced to raise the siege; after which there happened a bloody fight between the Emperor's army and Boleslaus, near Wrastislau where Boleslaus was taken prisoner, and the slaughter of his army was so considerable that

* His name is written *Suantopelck* in French compilations. It is said he was treacherously murdered by an assassin, hired by Boleslaus.—Ed.

the field of battle was called the Field of Dogs; because the Poles said that the Germans attacked and devoured them with the fury of dogs.

This is the description the German authors give of this battle, while the Polish writers affirm the contrary, and say the Germans were entirely routed, and that the Emperor saved himself by flight, attended by only seven or eight persons.

But the writers of both sorts agree that there was a peace made immediately after the battle, with which the Emperor and Boleslaus were both satisfied.

I now draw near to the end of the dark times, and in my next letter you will find that day will begin to break, and facts succeed to miracles.

If hitherto my accounts have been dull, at least you must own they have not been long. Conciseness (and I hope clearness) is what I pique myself upon; and I have heard a story of Archbishop Tillotson with which I will conclude this letter. One of his audience in

thanking him for one of his excellent sermons said, "he wished his Grace had been a little longer;" to which the Archbishop replied, "that he had unluckily been pressed in time or else his discourse would have been shorter."

I am, dear Sir,

With the greatest truth and affection,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

C. Hanbury Williams.

Dresden, Sept. 22nd, 1748.

Dear Sir;

Besides what I have already told you of Boleslaus, I find he was engaged in several wars with different success, but without any material consequences happening from them. He died in 1138, leaving his dominions between four of his sons, having disinherited the eldest; and ordering that, he that was possessed of Cracow should always be looked upon as the head of the family.

I cannot help observing here, that this will of Boleslaus destroys every pretence that the Poles advance towards proving the ancient date of their liberties, and their power of electing their Sovereigns: which in my opinion never really existed till they chose Henry the third of France, in preference to the female line of the House of Jagellon.

During his reign, the Pomeranians embraced the Christian religion.

The division Boleslaus had made of his territories throws the History of Poland into great confusion; and out of which I shall not attempt to extricate you, indeed it is not worth while.

But the Poles, that their line of Sovereigns may seem to continue, give you the names of the possessors of Cracow, down to Przemislaus, who re-assumed the title of King of Poland, and was crowned by the Archbishop of Gnesna at Cracow.

The names of the Princes between Boleslaus the third and Przemislaus, were as follows: Uladislaus the second; Boleslaus the fourth; Miescislaus the third; Lesco the first; Henry the first; Henry the second; Boleslaus the fifth; Lesco the second.

Przemislaus without being in possession of half the kingdom, took the title of King of Poland upon him, and was crowned at Gnesna by the Archbishop of that See, in the year 1295.

This Prince joined great part of Pome-

rania* to the kingdom of Poland, by getting himself declared heir to Mestuinus who possessed it, but who had no issue.

In a short time after his Coronation, Przemislaus was assassinated in his own Palace by some emissaries of the marquis of Brandenburgh, who could not bear the superiority he had acquired in getting himself crowned king of Poland, and who was likewise angry with him for having caused his wife Luccardis, who was his sister, to be strangled, upon suspecting her to have been unfaithful to his bed.

Przemislaus left one daughter behind him, who at his death was but eight years old, and whose name was Rischa.†

After his death, the Prelates and Barons met at Posnania, and though there was much opposition in favour of Rischa, yet at last they

* Whenever Pomerania is mentioned here you are to understand that, it is Pomerania Minor or Pomerellia, which is now a part of Royal Prussia belonging to Poland.

† She is called sometimes *Riska*, sometimes *Elizabeth* in French historians.—Ed.

chose Uladislaus, Duke of Cujavia, who was the sixth in descent from Boleslaus the second, for their king; but he never took that title, but always styled himself Hæres Poloniæ.

This prince was deposed in the year 1300, and the Crown transferred to Wenceslaus king of Bohemia, who at the same time married Rischa, daughter of Przemislaus.

But Uladislaus, after having been stripped of his crown and his hereditary dominions, was driven out of the kingdom and fled into Hungary, and from thence to Rome. From whence (says my author) after having repented of his sins, and had pardon for them, he returned into Hungary, and soon after with a small force entered Poland in the year 1304, where, finding some few Poles come into his assistance, he seized upon some castles; and just at that time very luckily for him Wenceslaus died at Prague in the year 1305.

It is said of him that he governed Poland well, though he was generally absent, and he

was the first prince that, for the conveniency of traffic, introduced the German Gross (which is about seven farthings English) into Poland.

But, under his reign, that kingdom, without any war, suffered a more grievous blow than ever it had before felt. The prince being sovereign of Bohemia as well as Poland, the nobles of Silesia shook off the Polish government, and declared themselves vassals and subjects to the kings of Bohemia, and were incorporated into that kingdom, which, I suppose, was very agreeable to Wenceslaus; and from that time until very lately, Silesia has always belonged to Bohemia.

Uladislaus, after the death of Wenceslaus, got possession of Little Poland and part of Pomerania; and while the son of Wenceslaus was making preparations to march against him, he was stabbed at Olmutz in Moravia. After his death, Great Poland fell under the government of Henry, duke of Glogau in Silesia, and the whole kingdom of Poland being thus divided,

neither of the princes took the title of king upon them.

About this time, the marquis of Brandenburgh got possession of the town, and laid siege to the castle of Dantzic; but the knights of the Teutonic Order agreed with Uladislaus for a sum of money to raise the siege, which they did; but Uladislaus never paid them the sum agreed for, and for the payment of which that whole district, called Pomerellia, was put into their hands; and they afterwards possessed themselves entirely of that province, by paying the marquis of Brandenburgh ten thousand marks to compensate his claims upon that province. But if Uladislaus lost on one side, he greatly gained on the other; for, upon the death of Henry, duke of Glogau, and sovereign of Great Poland, which happened in the year 1309, Uladislaus possessed himself of Great Poland, since which time all Poland has continued under one prince; and, in the year 1320, Uladislaus was crowned king at Cracow, by the hands of the archbishop of Gnesna.

The Pope at this time sent to the knights of the Teutonic Order to yield up Pomerellia to Uladislaus, but they refused to obey; upon which the king of Poland made war upon them for two years, which ended in the year 1332, by a truce for one year.

After this, Uladislaus made an incursion and ravaged the march of Brandenburgh, and afterwards turned his arms towards Silesia, with a design to re-conquer that province, but in vain; for, returning from that unsuccessful expedition in the year 1333, he died in the castle of Cracow, leaving behind him one son, who was Casimir the Great.

The Poles, upon the death of Uladislaus, assembled at Cracow, where the prelates and barons (according to their historians) chose Casimir for their king. And to prove that he came to the crown by election, they make his brother-in-law, Charles, king of Hungary, interest himself very much in his election. Though they do not name, or pretend to say, there was any competitor, they go so far as to

give you a bad speech that the Hungarian ambassador made to the diet of Cracow in favour of Casimir. But, I believe, this is all fiction dressed up to prove the antiquity of the right of the Poles to elect their sovereign, and the reason why I think so, is, that Casimir's reign will prove there was no such privilege; and that he named* his successor himself, and his nomination had effect.

In the year 1333, Casimir and his wife Anna, daughter to Gidiminus, duke of Lithuania, who had been converted from the Pagan to the Christian religion, were crowned at Cracow by the hands of the archbishop of Gnesna.

Casimir finding his kingdom in a ruined condition, both by the wars with the knights of the

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* This is no proof whatever, that the right of election was not vested in the Diet, or prelates and barons. Sir Charles's reasoning on this subject is obviously very inconclusive; as not only the assertion of their historians, but the facts of history prove that the crown of Poland was elective.—Ed.

Teutonic Order, and by the robberies and rapines committed all over Poland by the nobility as well as the common people, began his reign wisely by extending the truce with the Teutonic knights, and setting himself to quell the intestine disorders of his own country, which he accomplished, and which raised his character very much among his people.

Afterwards Casimir endeavoured, by treaty, to get the knights of the Teutonic Order to refer their differences to the king of Hungary, which they did; but refused afterwards to abide by his decision. At last the pope, Benedict the Twelfth, at the request of Casimir, interposed his authority, and sent nuncios into Poland, who decided that, upon Casimir's paying a certain sum of money to the Teutonic knights, they should relinquish all their conquests in Pomerellia to Casimir.

In the year 1339, Casimir, finding he had no male issue, summoned a council, at Cracow, of all the chief Poles, and told them he designed

to fix the succession of Poland at that meeting, because he had no son.

The council immediately proposed Semovitus, duke of Massovia, Ianussuis, prince of Massovia, and Uladislaus, duke of Opolen, in Silesia as proper persons to succeed to the kingdom being all descended from the race of the Polish kings: but Casimir neither approved of either of the Massovians, and hated the duke of Opolen as being a Silesian, who had flung off the government of Poland and submitted himself to the kings of Bohemia, and named his nephew Lewis, third son to the king of Hungary, for successor to the crown of Poland, and immediately went himself with a deputation of his nobility and bishops into Hungary, where the act of Succession was tendered under certain limitations and restrictions, to Lewis; who was thereupon declared heir to the kingdom of Poland in case Casimir left no male issue, and did afterwards succeed to the said kingdom.

I have given you this last paragraph faithfully from their own historians; and now you must permit me to make a few observations upon this election (as they call it) of an heir of Poland.

For my part I can see nothing like an election in it, but the convening the assembly of prelates and barons; and it is plain they were not left to their choice, for they would have chosen either a Massovian or a Silesian; and the only reason that is given why they were not elected is, the king's disapprobation, and immediately after, the sole nomination of that monarch constitutes Lewis for his heir, for I do not think that he thought the concurrence of the assembly necessary; but it looks as if he had called them together only to inform them in a public manner of his design to establish his nephew Lewis, for his successor, and his obliging them to send a large deputation immediately to attend him into Hungary, looks as if his power was well settled, subject to no con-

trol and very different from the present impotent authority of a king of Poland.*

By all this you will be convinced that it is in vain for my historical guides to attempt to lead their impartial readers into a belief, that the kingdom of Poland was in all times elective; and the hereditary succession of the house of Jagellon, that succeeded to Lewis by marrying his daughter Hedwigis, baffles every design to impose upon the sense of the foreign reader, though it still continues to charm and confirm the Poles in the persuasion, that their power of election was always the same. They love an interregnum,

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* I find, besides all I have said, that a very good author relates, that the succession of Poland was fixed and agreed upon between Charles, king of Hungary, and Casimir, by a treaty which they made long before the convening the assembly of the Poles, by which treaty Charles engaged to furnish Casimir with troops against the Teutonic knights, whenever he was in want of such assistance; and Casimir in return promised to appoint Lewis, son of Charles, for his successor to the kingdom of Poland, in case he died without male issue.

and think the privilege they have of choosing their king the greatest blessing Heaven can bestow; against which their own civil wars, the foreign armies that entered Poland,* the slaughter, desolation, and calamity, that covered their country at their two last elections (and which miseries are sure to continue) plead in vain.

In the same year, 1339, Anna, wife to Casimir, died, and was buried at Cracow. And here I must not omit the character which my reverend Author gives of that Queen.

He says, "she was a most virtuous and modest princess, studious to please the king, her husband, very beneficent to the church, and very charitable to the poor; but too much addicted to worldly pleasures, which he attributes to her education in Paganism, which had

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* Those who admire invectives against elective monarchy, may check their exultation in reading the above paragraph, by reflecting that, since 1789, when the crown of Poland ceased to be elective, that unfortunate country has been exposed to as many foreign armies and as much slaughter, desolation, and calamity, as before.—Ed.

tainted her with vices, which she could never shake off." Would you not now imagine that she was guilty of some crime offensive to religion or morality? Nothing like it, I assure you: the vices that she had imbibed from her education, and all the crimes that her first religion had taught her, amounted to her loving, whenever she went abroad either in a chariot or on horseback, to be preceded by musical instruments, who played all the while before her—"Which her husband," says my priestly Author, "because he loved her, rather connived at, than approved of."

In the year 1340, I find Casimir engaged in a war with Boleslaus, Prince of Russia (you must take notice, that whenever I mention Russia, I mean the Palatinate of Russia, and not Muscovy), but Boleslaus, at the same time, dying, by poison, Casimir entirely subdued that province, and incorporated it into the kingdom of Poland.

About this time there was a treaty concluded

between Casimir, king of Poland, and John, king of Bohemia, whereby the king of Bohemia gave up his empty title of king of Poland to Casimir, who, in return, yielded to John his well-grounded claim to the duchy of Silesia.

In the year 1341, Casimir married Adelaide, daughter to the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, to whom he soon took an aversion, and sent her to his castle of Zarnowieck, where she was well treated; while the king gave himself up to concubines.

About the year 1343, he made a treaty with the Teutonic knights, who had hitherto refused to yield to the pope's decree, by which they yielded up Cujavia and Dobrzin to Casimir; who, in return, confirmed them in their possession of Culm, Michelow, and the remaining part of Pomerellia; but the Polish historians lose all decency, and abuse Casimir in terms not to be repeated, for making this treaty, never considering that, at that very time, he was attacked by two formidable enemies, the

Lithuanians and the Muscovites; and that he feared the Teutonic knights might seize that opportunity of invading his country. But, they say, this treaty proceeded from his love of idleness and women, and from his cowardice, forgetting that he had just before added one of the finest palatinates of all Sarmatia to the crown of Poland by his own arms.

However, after this peace, Casimir pursued his other wars, and was successful in them. He was afterwards engaged in several wars with the Lithuanians and Bohemians, but without any remarkable consequences attending them.

But, in the year 1346, I find Casimir restored to the good graces of the Polish historians. They are lavish in his praise: call him their Solon and Lycurgus; and he deserved those appellations: for, considering that he ruled over a very considerable monarchy, in which, at that time, there were no written laws, and where all causes were decided either by the fear, hope, love, hatred, or corruption of the

judge, he resolved to give them a body of written laws, which he ordered to be compiled by all the most able people of his country, and which he soon finished to the great satisfaction of all Poland.

After this he founded a church, called Corpus Christi, near Cracow, which I should not mention, but that the church now produces a miracle, as a miracle formerly produced the church.

Some thieves had stole out of the cathedral of Cracow, the pix with the wafer in it: they were tempted to this robbery, by the gold that glistened upon the pix; but when they had got it, and came to examine it, they found that it was only brass gilded; and upon that they flung it into a marsh that they might not be discovered. But, soon after this, some passengers going by that place in the night, perceived lights upon the marsh (as any body may see frequently in England upon fenny grounds), which they spoke of when they arrived at Cracow; and, these lights being seen for seve-

ral nights, the bishop went with his canons to the place, and soon discovered the pix, with the hostic in it undamaged; and this foolish story produced this church, which is hence called Corpus Christi.

In the year 1345, Casimir went to war with the Silesian duke of Sagan, and took from him the town and territory of Fraustadt, which remains to this day incorporated with Poland, and is of use to the present king; who can do no Polish act out of Poland, and frequently goes to Fraustadt to sign necessary papers, and afterwards returns to Dresden.

But John king of Bohemia, resolving to revenge and recover this loss, entered Poland with a very large army, and besieged Cracow, but in vain; and, in his return towards Germany, he was attacked and defeated by Casimir.

The Lithuanians about this time made frequent incursions into Poland, but were constantly repulsed with loss.

In the year 1348, I find there was a great plague in Poland, which afterwards spread itself all over Europe. I should, perhaps, not have mentioned this, but for a circumstance that followed.

The Jews, who are the only persecuted people that do not thrive, have paid constantly immense sums of money in many countries for the liberty of existing, and have often suffered upon suspicion of the crime of being rich. The Poles thought this a good opportunity to drain them; and, therefore, gave it out as a certainty, that the Jews had poisoned the air, and brought this pestilence upon the kingdom. Upon which every Jew that did not buy himself off, was ordered to be put to death, which was inflicted on them in so cruel a manner, that several of the poor ones put themselves and their whole families to death, to avoid the tortures which they knew they must otherwise undergo. My divine author seems to think there was nothing wrong in all this.

Soon after there happened a great earthquake, but I do not find the Jews were accused of poisoning the earth, which I wonder at.

In the year 1349, Casimir conquered several districts of Lithuania, and joined them to the dominions of Poland.

My priestly author who cannot now accuse him of sloth or cowardice, says, that he was so puffed up with these successes, that he delivered himself up entirely to his concubines, of whom he kept numbers at three places. Opez, Czchow, and Krzeczow (pronounce these two last names if you can) whither he often went as to shops of pleasure, as my guide tells me, for they are his own words.

The pope being informed of these proceedings, ordered the bishop of Cracow to admonish him to abstain from other women, and cleave to his own wife, which the bishop did, and for which the king seized the bishop's land—as the seizing temporalities has always been the greatest sin against religion, the bishop let fly

his thunder against Casimir, and ordered one of his Canons to go and pronounce his sentence in Casimir's own presence.

The whole chapter of Cracow refused to execute this mandate, but at last the bishop persuaded one of them whose name was Bariczka to undertake it.

The poor Canon did as he was ordered, and pronounced the church's censure against Casimir, in Casimir's presence: who contained himself at that time, and said nothing in answer to it; but that very night ordered one of his guards to drown Bariczka in the Vistula which was accordingly done.

After this one of my authors goes on for half a page in abusing Casimir in the most charitable expressions that a clerical member of an injured church can make use of.

But Casimir himself sent an ambassador immediately to the Pope at Avignon, where having made large presents and great submissions, he got an absolution upon condition that

he should build some churches and found two or three monasteries.

In the year 1355, Casimir compelled by force of arms the duke of Massovia to own himself a Vassal of the kingdom of Poland, forced him to declare that he held his duchy from the king and crown of Poland, obliged him to do homage for it, and made him swear that he would at all times be ready to assist them with his forces when called upon so to do, which was another great addition made by Casimir to the greatness and strength of Poland. In my next letter, I hope to finish the reigns of Casimir the Great, and Lewis king of Poland and Hungary.

I am, dear Sir,

With true esteem and affection,

Your most obliged, and most

Faithful humble Servant,

C. Hanbury Williams.

Dresden, Oct. 6th, 1748.

Dear Sir;

About this time, by the permission of Casimir, there was a deputation of Polish bishops and barons sent into Hungary to Lewis (who by the death of his father and elder brothers, was now become king of that country), who carried with them a schedule containing the privileges they claimed; and which they desired, and insisted that Lewis should confirm before he mounted the throne of Poland. Lewis complied with their request, and signed the paper; the deputies returned contented home, and my guides talk of this as of a victory in favour of the liberties of their country.

But upon carefully reading this Magna Charta, I find some things very contrary to their most favourite point, viz. the liberty of election. For it is there said, that in case the

whole Hungarian royal family die without male issue, then the Poles are left to their own liberty; and that the females have no claim upon them: this proves plainly that both Lewis and the Poles thought, and declared, that the crown of Poland was hereditary to the male line of the house of Hungary. The rest of the paper says, that the king will raise no new taxes upon the people without their consent, and that he will, at his own expense, re-conquer the provinces that the kingdom had lost.

However, this is the first step that the Poles ever made (and for which they are beholden to the indulgence of Casimir) towards restraining the unbounded authority of their monarchs; and this all their authors cite as the first written Pacta conventa between the kings of Poland, and their people.

In the year 1356, queen Adelaide tired out by a long honourable confinement, and by the continual whoredoms of her husband obtained leave to return to her own country, and her

father came himself, and carried her to Cassel (without Casimir's giving him the least impediment), where she died soon after her arrival.

After her death, Casimir being at Prague where he often went, fell in love with a Bohemian lady of quality, and secretly married her. She was called Rokicziana, he was extremely fond of her, and his love continued constant to her till it was put an end to by the following accident:

One of the king's chamberlains saw her one day dressing her head, and perceived that the top of it was bald and scabby. This he told the king of, who being resolved to know the truth of it, went to her, and obliged her to uncover her head; and then his own eyes confirmed what his chamberlain had told him, the sight gave him such a distaste to her, that he instantly repudiated her, and never saw her more.

I have lately told you of the cruel persecution the Jews had undergone in Poland; but now

there happened an affair which put them above oppression and gained laws, privileges, and immunities in their favour.

You remember either from the bible, or (perhaps better) from Racine, under the reign of Ashuerus the Persian. The great oppression that the Jews felt, and the great dangers that threatened their whole nation, and you remember that beauteous Hester diverted the evil, and destroyed their persecutor by the force of her charms, and the ascendancy they had over the heart of the king.

Another Hester rose at this time in Poland, for whom Casimir burnt with a Persian flame; and to whom his passion could refuse no request. My bigotted author paints her of exquisite beauty and most agreeable manners—add to this that she brought forth two sons to Casimir; she obtained many privileges for the Jews, which my author says were exorbitant, and so displeasing to God that one of Hester's children died a natural death, and the other was

killed in battle, dreadful judgment; but what my priest is most angry at is, that Casimir suffered Hester's two sons to be both circumcised, and brought up in the Jewish religion. The laws of Casimir in favour of the Jews continue still in force, and you will find in the subsequent part of this History, that when there was a dispute in the Polish diet, whether the Socinians or the Jews should be banished out of Poland, the Poles, out of their great regard to Christianity, gave the preference to the Jews, who continue still in great number all over Poland and Lithuania, and are reckoned to amount to the number of one million.

It was sometime in the year 1357, that Casimir grew tired of Hester, and married Hedwigis the Silesian, duke of Glogau's daughter.

About the year 1361, Casimir laid the foundations of the university of Cracow, and founded the archbishoprick of Leopold.

In the following year Casimir got the love of his subjects, and the esteem of all his neighbours

by the relief that he afforded to the poor who were sorely oppressed by a famine that reigned in Poland for a whole year. He was also much admired for his magnificence, he built many public buildings, fortified Cracow, and cut a canal from that city to Bochnya, into which he brought the river Vistula for the conveniency of conveying salt and wood to its inhabitants.

In the year 1363, I find Casimir much employed in making preparations for the nuptials that were to be celebrated between his niece Elizabeth, and Charles, emperor of the Romans and king of Bohemia. The ceremony was performed at Cracow: and there were present, the emperor, the kings of Poland, Hungary, Denmark, and Cyprus. The entertainments of all sorts, together with the presents that Casimir made to all those kings are set off by the historians in a very pompous manner, and they say that those festivals cost Casimir more than one hundred thousand florins.

The Lithuanians in the year 1365, entered

the Palatinate of Russia, and overrun that whole province; but Casimir soon gathered his army, defeated them, and re-possessed himself of all their conquests.

From this time till the year 1370, when Casimir died, I find nothing worth relating; his death was occasioned by a fall out of his chaise when he was hunting a stag; and being very corpulent, the bruises he received by his fall were followed by a fever, which he neglected too much till it came with such violence upon him, that he could not withstand it, and died of it.

Thus Casimir the Great ended his days, he deserved that title both from his courage, prudence, justice, and magnificence. He built no less than fourteen churches, and four monasteries. He built and walled above forty towns, and beautified several others. It is said, that he found his towns of mud and wood, and left them of brick and stone, he was just in himself and caused justice to be impartially administered

taking particular care that the poor were not oppressed by the rich, nor the peasant by the Lord. He spared no criminal upon account of his quality, and his ears were ever open to the complaints of the lowest of his subjects; and redress constantly followed grievance. This endeared him in a high degree to the common people, in so much that his generals and barons, whom he curbed in their unjust powers, used to call him Rex Rusticorum; he was well inclined to religion and the church, but neither a bigot to one nor a slave to the other—though much addicted to venery himself, he punished lewdness in others very severely: particularly the ecclesiastics, whom, besides, he obliged to constant residence in their churches and cures; he loved his country, he fought often in its defence, and for its glory, and he left it adorned by his example, extended by his arms, and amended by his laws.

In his person, he was tall, handsome, well-made, active, dextrous in all his exercises till

the latter part of his life when he grew bulky and corpulent.

Upon the revising the character and considering the person of this prince, I find a great resemblance between him and our Harry the Eighth. I shall not draw a parallel between them; I think the likeness striking enough for you to judge of it without my help.

With Casimir the Great ended the race of Piast; and the family of Hungary mounted the throne of Poland, but Lewis being in his own kingdom at the time of Casimir's death, the Lithuanians took advantage of the anarchy, and entering Poland committed great ravages there.

When the news came to Lewis that Casimir was dead, he showed neither haste nor inclination to proceed to take possession of his new kingdom. The turbulent state of that country, their perpetual intestine divisions, and foreign wars were no tempting objects to a prince already possessed of a rich kingdom, and already in years, add to this his being a stranger to

Poland and entirely unacquainted with their language.

But the Poles were uneasy at this delay, and sent a great deputation of nobility and clergy to Lewis, to desire him to repair to his new kingdom; but he refused to grant their request, and it was at last by the persuasion of his Hungarian ministers, that he consented to go to Cracow to be crowned. These statesmen flattered themselves (and judged rightly) that having their king's favour and confidence, they should be able to enrich themselves, and their friends, with the spoils of their sovereign's new possessions.

Casimir the Great had, upon his death-bed, made a will, by which he gave his whole personal estate to be divided between his queen Hedwigis (daughter to the duke of Glogau) and their two daughters Anna and Hedwigis; and to Casimir, son to Bogeslaus duke of Stetin (who was son to his daughter Elizabeth, his eldest daughter by his first wife), the duchies of

Dobrzin, Siradia, and Lancitia besides four other large towns: he bequeathed also very large possessions, and many towns, to his two natural sons that he had by Hester, the Jewess; and all this he did without the consent or advice of any of his barons or prelates, and I imagine that the same power that can give a part can give the whole.

When Lewis arrived at Cracow in order to be crowned, the primate insisted that he could receive the crown no where but at Gnesna, but Lewis persisted, and the prelate yielded, upon condition, that when the king should come to Gnesna he should enter the church in his coronation robes, and this compromise was accepted.

But Lewis did not like Casimir's having dismembered the kingdom of so many towns and duchies, and revoked them all except some part of what was given to the duke of Stetin's son. He agreed he should continue in possession of the duchy of Dobrzin, but that he should hold it as a male fief from the crown of Poland.

He divided Casimir the Great's personal estate as he had directed, but afterwards sent his two daughters into Hungary, where they were to reside, in order, as I suppose, to prevent their ever giving him any disturbance in Poland by disputing that crown with him; for I find that after they were in Hungary, he declared them illegitimate and incapable of ever succeeding to the crown of Poland.

Lewis, after this, made a progress through all Poland, and soon after went back into Hungary, and took with him the crown and the other ensigns of Polish royalty, leaving his mother, Elizabeth, who was sister to Casimir, to govern the kingdom during his absence, without giving any orders about the government of Poland, or leaving her any instructions to guide her in her administration.

The Poles, not contented with their present government, nor with the absence of their king, many of them invited Uladislaus, who was a Massovian duke (and consequently of the race

of Piast) but had sold his possessions to Casimir the Great, and was at that time a monk in a cloister at Dijon in Burgundy, where he had resided for fourteen years, to come and attempt the gaining the crown of Poland, assuring him, that they would assist him. He, remembering the story of Casimir the First (who came to the crown out of the monastery of Cluny), went directly to the Pope at Avignon to have a dispensation for his vows; but the Pope, not caring to disoblige so powerful a prince as Lewis, refused his request; notwithstanding which, Uladislaus proceeded in his design, and, coming into Poland, he seized upon Gnesna and Cujavia, and some other places, that made no resistance. Few of the Poles joined him, which they were deterred from doing, by hearing that Lewis was making warlike preparations to attack this invader; and, in a little time, Uladislaus found himself entirely abandoned. But, by the means of Elizabeth, the regent, he made his peace with Lewis, who agreed to give him

ten thousand florins, and a rich abbey in Hungary, for all his pretensions in Poland. This offer Uladislaus readily embraced, and went into Hungary, where he was well received by Lewis, who paid him his money, and put him into possession of an abbey, which, Dlugossius says, was Pinguis et Ventrosa, and in which Uladislaus ended his days.

In 1372, Lewis, king of Hungary and Poland, betrothed his eldest daughter, Mary, to the marquis of Brandenburgh, youngest son to the emperor Charles the Fourth, who was also king of Bohemia, and to whom, about this time, Lewis made a fresh cession of all the rights of Poland to the duchy of Silesia.

In the year 1374, Lewis, finding the Poles very remiss in paying the tax, called Krolewczyzna or Paraldné, which was six grosses and a measure of barley and oats upon every habitation that had land tacked to it, ordered his officers to acquaint the Polish prelates and barons, that he would not suffer his treasure to be diminish-

ed; but that as he was as powerful a prince as Casimir, he would have his dues as well-paid: which he was entitled to by right and custom immemorial. The prelates and barons who did not care for paying this tax, answered that Casimir the Great had not only freed them from this tax, but confirmed that exemption by acts signed by his own hand. To this Lewis replied, that it was true that his uncle had promised them to do so, but had never fulfilled his promise; and that the above-said tax had always continued to be levied to the day of Casimir's death, but that as his right in the kingdom of Poland was only in him and his male heirs, and as he had no sons, and but two daughters he would consent to reduce the tax to two grosses per habitation, provided the Poles would consent that their crown should descend to his daughters and their issue. To this the prelates and nobles consented—you must understand that this diminution of tax only related to the bishops and barons, for the rest of the people

continued to pay it at the old rate. The bishops indeed pleaded the immunities of the church in favour of the abbeys and monasteries; but as they were themselves excused, either they did not support their demand strong enough or the king could not be brought to agree to it; but the religious houses were not designed to be benefited by the diminution of the Paraldné.

About the year 1375, Lewis married his eldest daughter Mary to William of Austria, who being very young was brought into Hungary, and was educated in Lewis's court, who shewed him in all times great marks of paternal fondness and friendship.

This year also, by permission from Rome, Lewis erected three new bishopricks in Poland.

In the year 1376, the Lithuanians made incursions into Poland, and committed great depredations all over the country: for Lewis, who was absent in Hungary, did not take much care of Poland, which he left wholly to his mother's government, and my authors tell me

that instead of repelling the Lithuanians, or sending any army against them, the old queen spent her time at Cracow in feasts and dancing.

Her court was chiefly composed of Hungarians, who lorded it over the Poles in a tyrannic manner; but a quarrel happening this year between them at Cracow, upon account of a Hungarian having by force seized some coin that belonged to a Pole, both nations took to their arms, and a great slaughter of the Hungarians ensued—which so frightened the queen that she threw up the reins of government, and retired into Hungary.

Upon her arrival there, and upon the report she made of the bad situation of Poland, Lewis immediately raised an army marched against his enemies, drove the Lithuanians into their own country; and then followed them thither, and laid waste a great part of it, after which he made peace with them and returned into Hungary.

I find the duke of Oppelen was a great favourite of Lewis, and to him he had granted large tracts of land in the Palatinate of Russia; but as he returned through that country into Hungary, he observed that the lands in Russia were the finest of all his kingdom (which they are) and upon that he revoked all his grants to the duke of Oppelen, and in lieu of them gave him three duchies in and upon the borders of Pomerellia, and soon after divided the whole Palatinate of Russia among his Hungarian favourites.

The Poles had not yet force or wisdom enough to exclude all foreigners from being capable of holding places or receiving grants in Poland; but they have since corrected that error very carefully, and it is next to an impossibility for any body to be naturalised at this present time in that kingdom. It can only be done by the Diet, and as there has not been yet one Diet that has held, so I dare prophesy that none will hold during this king's reign.

Lewis still continued to reside in Hungary, and took little care of the government of Poland; hence arose various tumults and petty rebellions, and upon the Poles sending a deputation to him to desire him to come and reside among them, he excused himself by saying that the air of Poland did not agree with him; but at the same time he appointed the duke of Oppelen to be governor of that kingdom, and gave him ample powers to enable him to discharge that important office.

But the Polish nobility could by no means bear a fellow subject to rule over them; and sent an embassy to Lewis, to tell him that they were willing to obey his majesty, but that they never would consent to be governed by the duke of Oppelen.

Lewis having considered of this request, and fearing, if he continued the duke in his government it might produce discontents that might break out into rebellion, which would give him some trouble to appease, he granted them their

request, and immediately re-called the duke of Oppelen out of Poland to the great grief of the duke, and the great joy of the Poles.

Lewis found that the religious houses, and the inferior clergy of Poland still refused to pay the Paraldné; and upon this, he sent strict orders into Poland to oblige them to pay their proportions as well as his other subjects; but Florianus bishop of Cracow went to Buda, and there had the good fortune to persuade the king to relinquish his demands, and from that time the tax was never pretended to be collected upon the clergy.

In the month of December 1378, the emperor Charles the fourth, died at Prague leaving two sons behind him, the eldest of whom was named Vinceslaus, and was king of Bohemia, and the youngest was Sigismond, marquis of Brandenburgh, who had married Mary the eldest daughter of Lewis, king of Hungary and Poland.

In the year 1381, I find there was a great

assembly of Poles convened at Buda in Hungary, the reason of this meeting was, the complaints of the clergy against the nobility of Poland, and Lewis had declared that he would adjust their differences in this assembly. In which, however, nothing was done except the naming a regency consisting of the bishop of Cracow, the castellan of Cracow, and the Palatin of Calish for the future government of Poland; but all employments that should be vacant (except some few which Lewis reserved to himself) were to be in the disposal of the bishop alone.

It was in the year 1382, that Lewis finding himself very infirm ordered a general assembly of the Poles to be held at Zwolen, a town in Hungary; and at that place he produced his son-in-law Sigismond, marquis of Brandenburgh, and son to the late emperor Charles the fourth, who was at that time 14 years old, and declared to the Poles, that he had married his eldest daughter Mary with that prince with whom he had given the kingdom of Poland for her por-

tion; after he had said this, he obliged the whole assembly to swear fealty to Sigismond as to their lawful sovereign, which the Poles accordingly did. Then Lewis let them know that he intended sending Sigismond immediately into Poland with a large Hungarian army to suppress all the disorders in that kingdom, and to fix his residence there; and all this being done, Lewis dissolved the assembly, and began to make preparations for Sigismond's march into Poland.

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